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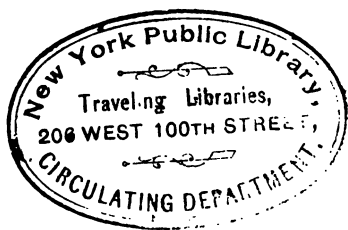
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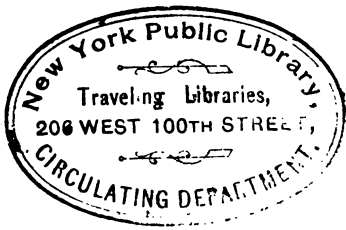
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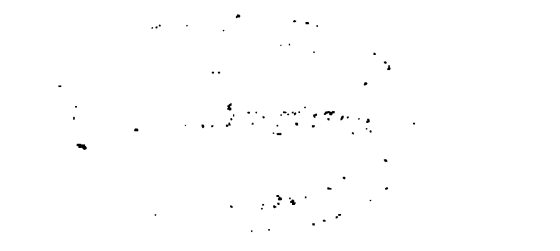




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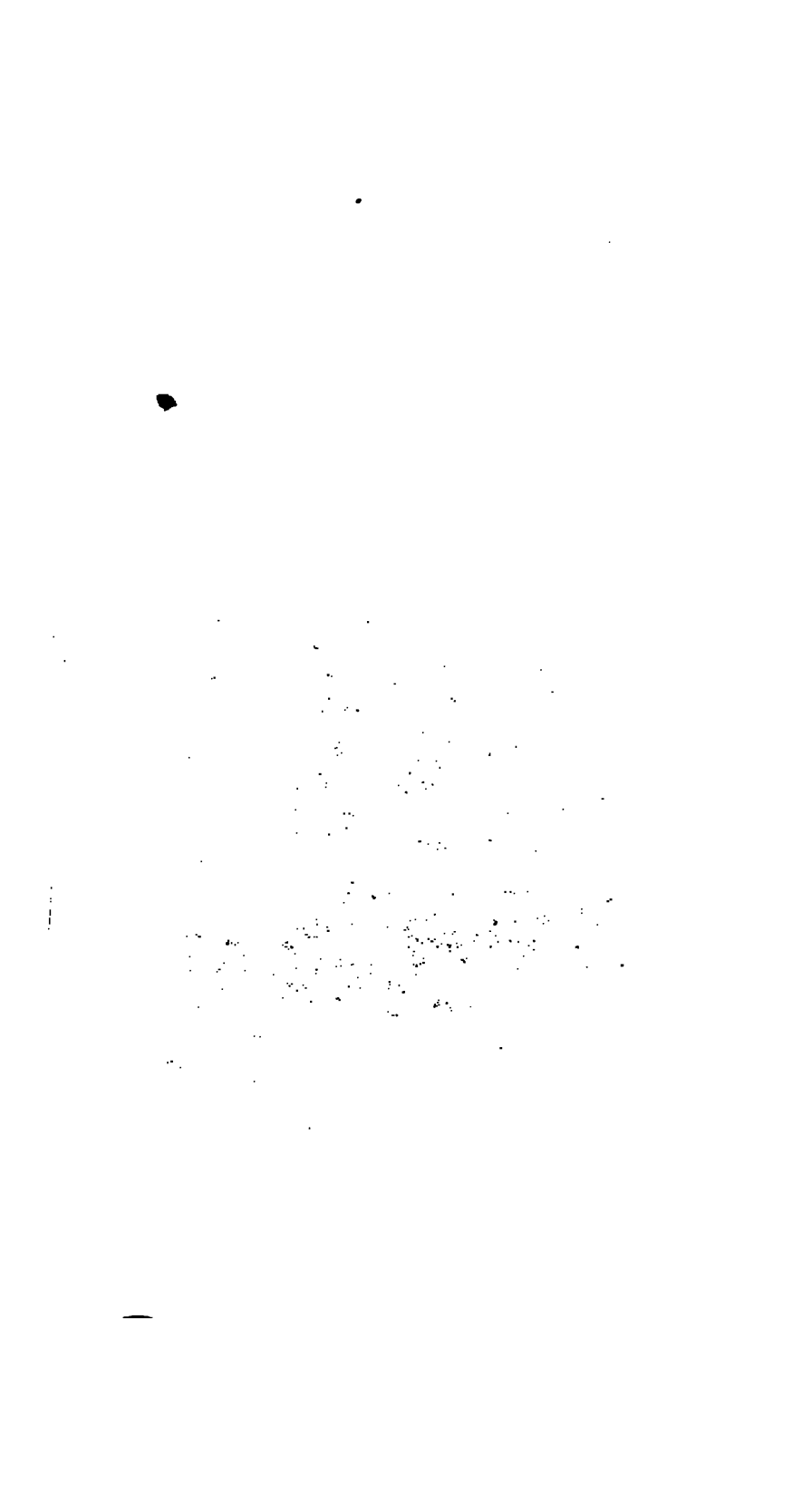
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BY
J. H. HARRIS, M. A.
Author of "The Pathfinders of the North",
"The Pathfinders of the South",
"The Pathfinders of the East",
"The Pathfinders of the West"



NEW YORK
J. H. HARRIS, 123 N. 4th St., N. Y. C.
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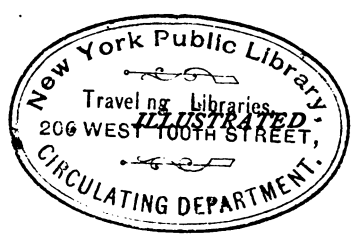
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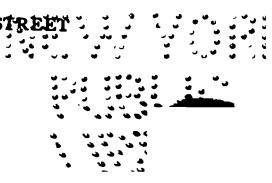
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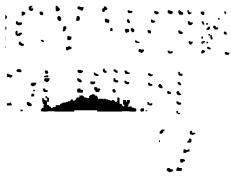
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THE PURPOSE OF THIS BOOK.

MR. CARLYLE has somewhere said that there is no topic so thoroughly interesting to mankind as the study of man, and no remark of his is more true to facts. There is a perennial interest in biography, and the eagerness with which the general reader of current news seeks for every item of information regarding those who have made themselves eminent, — even, in many cases, for facts regarding those who have made themselves infamous, — proves that Mr. Carlyle was correct.

History is but an enlargement of biography, and it is only correctly written by those who can combine and arrange the details of the biographies of the actors in it in such a way as to impress the reader properly with the relation that they bear to each other.

Interest in any subject grows with knowledge of it, but the mind, especially of the young, requires to be tempted to enter upon even the most entertaining fields of study. The author of this little volume has on other occasions made efforts to lead the young who might favor him with their attention to turn to historical reading. His method has been simply to lay before them the facts that he deemed important for them to be acquainted with, not in childish language, but in as clear and entertaining a narrative form as he could command.

The present volume is another attempt in the same direction, and it is committed to its readers with a hope that it may entice them to look into some of the more complete books of the same sort. If it should lead any one to make himself familiar with the fascinating works of Mr. Parkman only, the writer would feel amply compensated for the pleasant labor of putting these studies in early American history into their present form.

Probably our own national history in its beginnings has been as arid and little interesting to the young as any, and yet it is full of episodes adapted to arouse the dullest reader. The sketches here presented form in chronological order a series taking the reader from the discovery of the Continent almost to the time of the Revolutionary War.

CAMBRIDGE, *September*, 1884.

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TALES OF THE PATHFINDERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLANDS.

ONCE upon a time there lived in England a young lady whose name was Anne Dorset. She was of an aristocratic family, beautiful, and of engaging manners. It was long before the times of the Earl of Dorset, or I should have believed that she belonged to his proud family. It was during the reign of that great king, Edward the Third, at a time when the people were stirred by romantic thoughts and deeds. You remember that the celebrated Black Prince was son of this King Edward, and that he was a chivalric warrior who went to France with his father's soldiers and fought at the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, and wrought those deeds of valor that have

made him ever remembered for noble heart and valiant achievements. It was in the days of tournaments and jousts, when pageantry was the delight of maidens, and of men of war no less.

There also lived in England at this stirring time, a young man named Robert Macham, who in some way became acquainted with fair Anne and naturally fell in love with her. Men in high station seem to have had but two occupations in those gay days; going to the wars when there were wars, and paying delicate attentions to fair women in days of peace. As there happened to be war somewhere most of the time, there was generally enough fighting to be done. It happened that Robert, though deserving Anne's love which she gave him with all her heart, was not of a high and aristocratic family, and her friends determined that the two should never marry.

They arrested poor Robert, and put him in prison, whence he escaped, and not willing to give up his fair Anne without another effort, followed her to Bristol, whither she had been carried, and there managed to gain opportunities to see her. He found that she remained true to her promise,

and she gladly entered into a fatal plan to flee to France.

When all was ready, Anne took her horse and a trusty groom, and went out one day for an airing, so she declared. In those days, all was considered fair and right in such a cause. Once at a safe distance from the house, she galloped her palfrey until she reached a spot on the Bristol Channel where Robert was anxiously waiting with a boat. The sails were already unfurled, and but a moment was required to weigh anchor and put to sea. The happy runaways sailed gayly down the coast of Cornwall, —

All down the thundering shores of Bude and Bos,

trusting to the seamen to steer them towards fair France. Alas, little did they dream that the wind that so softly swelled their sails was to turn to fierce storm, which should drive them far from the gay shores they thought so near, and on which they hoped for a life of so much happiness.

The morning of that stormy night found them drifting away to unknown regions. They were out in the broad Atlantic, an ocean of which at the time

the world knew nothing! There was a tradition, of which it is possible they had heard, that there existed in this ocean a fair land of such charms that nothing except Paradise could be compared with it. This happy country was called Atlantis, and as the stories about it are older than any accounts of explorations of the ocean, we may suppose that the sea was named from the land. It is said that the great Athenian law-giver, Solon, who lived some twenty-five hundred years ago, went to Egypt and heard from the wise priests there about the island of Atlantis, which, they said, had been swallowed up nine thousand years before their day in the waters of the great Western ocean. Plato gave a description of it to the Greeks, as he had heard it spoken of by Solon. It was the domain of Poseidon, or Neptune, who had a magnificent palace in the centre of it. There were lofty mountains, noble rivers, rich jewels, beautiful birds and useful animals. The climate was temperate, and the people were all happy until they lost their high character and fell into bad habits. Then it was, as I suppose, (for Plato's narrative, like a continued story in a magazine, stops suddenly at the interesting

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After two weeks of these terrible frights and fears, the seamen joyfully saw land. Birds flew about the ship, sweet perfumes were wafted from noble forests, and hope rose in the hearts of all the weary shipload. Some went ashore and came back saying the land was like another Eden, and Robert determined to take his fair Anne into the lovely place. They

found no men, no women; nothing living but gay birds that did not fear them, and animals that had no fierceness. Mountain brooks carried coolness to the valleys, and rippled musically over sparkling pebbles. Here, under a great tree, in a pleasant meadow, Robert made a bower for Anne, and thought that rest would restore her to strength. He left some of his men in the ship to watch it, and then gave himself up to the delights of the scene. Alas, storms came even to that lovely land, and on the third day, the sea rose in its power, and the waves swallowed up the little ship, leaving no more marks of it than had been left of the great island of Atlantis, with its beauties and inhabitants, ages before.

Poor Anne! She had been sad before, but now she was fairly overcome, and feeling certain that her most dismal forebodings had come to pass, she died after three days more of painful life, during which she was not able to speak, even to Robert. The tragedy overcame the strong man, and his companions were unable to comfort him. Upbraiding himself, he wasted away and died of a broken heart. The seamen buried them both under the great tree that had

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There is something very interesting about the constant looking to the westward that we notice in history as we study it. We read first of men in the interior of Asia, where the people lived from whom our very language came. They sent colonies into Europe, and for a while history centred about the Mediterranean, and especially about the part of it called the Ægean sea. We must not forget Palestine and Egypt, however, where there was civilization before that of Greece and Rome came up. For ages all adventure was confined to this sea, and no one thought it possible for ships to sail beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, which were called the Pillars of Hercules, and *Ultima Thule*, or the Utmost Bound.

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Men had travelled too far to the East, and had returned with wondrous stories of the wealth and grandeur of China, which they called the land of the Grand Cham. At the very time when the Black Prince was fighting at Poitiers, an Englishman named Mandeville, was travelling in the East, and learning facts that made him assert that the world was a globe, and that one might sail in a vessel all the way around it. Three hundred years before the birth of Christ, a wise astronomer in Egypt, which was the learned land in that age, after careful study, had made up his mind that the world was round, but for ages, only the wisest men believed him. They thought that it could not be; that men could not possibly stand on both sides of a round ball, even if it was as big as the earth. I suppose there was not a book in the world, at the time of Robert and Anne, so popular as the book of travels, written by Sir John Mandeville, on his return from his journeys. He was gone from England more than thirty years, and when he came home, he told wonderful stories, of trees that bore meal, honey and wine, of a lake that was made of the tears of Adam and Eve, who, he said, wept a hundred

tears after they left Paradise; of the court of the Grand Cham, and its magnificence; of his wives, each of whom wore on her head a sort of cap made to imitate the foot of a man, to show that they were under the subjection of man; and of many other wonders that I cannot stop to tell.

A hundred years before the time of Mandeville, there went from Venice a man named Marco Polo, who also came back with stories of the wealth and wonders of the East. He described a strange island that he called Cipango, which lay to the eastward of China, and he described also, like Mandeville, the palace of the Grand Cham, which he said was in a city that has since been discovered to be Peking, in the province of Cathay. It was four miles in circuit, he said, was resplendent with gold, silver, precious stones, and gorgeous silks. The air was filled with rich Eastern perfumes, the tables were burdened with wonderful dishes, and the attendants were adorned in the gayest dresses. The capital of the Grand Cham was one hundred miles in circuit, built, like Venice, on islands, and had magnificent bridges, so lofty that the greatest vessels could go under them

with no difficulty. The greatest wonder that **Marco Polo** described was the island of Cipango, which he said lay in the ocean, at a distance of fifteen hundred miles from China.

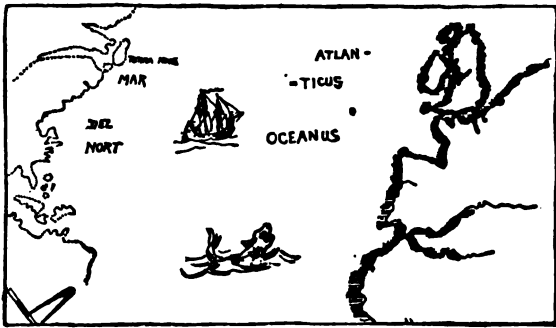
Of course this island abounded in gold, pearls and precious stones. The palace was covered with plates of gold, as in our land buildings are protected with copper or lead ; the halls and windows were plaited also with this precious metal, which was often laid on as thick as two fingers. Besides all this, there were charmed stones there, which rendered the bearers invulnerable, and though the Grand Cham had often tried to conquer them, he had, on account of the protection afforded by these stones, never succeeded. This island is now supposed to be Japan, though the wonderful stories told of it by Marco Polo are found to be untrue, just as the stories of Mandeville have been disproved. Still, the books of Marco Polo and Mandeville are interesting to me now, and they stirred up the people of their days, and the lands they described became very real to their readers.

All Europe had been boiling with the excitement of travel for centuries, as wave after wave of the surges

of the Crusades swept through the countries from the West to the East and back again. Palmers and pilgrims went from the loveliest villages to the wonderful land over whose fields and hills our Saviour had walked. Their minds had been stirred by the preachers of the Crusades, and they were eager to learn everything new and strange. They suffered every hardship in their vain effort to win the holy sepulchre from the infidels, and they returned home with all the stories of their tramps by land, their long voyages by sea, and the terrible sieges and battles in which they had been engaged with men of whom they could not speak harshly enough. This stirred up the love of adventure that had been kept alive all through the Dark Ages by one means and another, and every man and every boy who heard of them wished that he himself could find some land of gold and wonders.

If you look on some of the old maps, one of those of the time of Columbus, for instance, you will see an island named after a holy man who lived about a thousand years before, who was known as Saint Brendan. This holy man, who is said to have been the patriarch of three thousand monks, probably was a

wise man — at least he must have been of considerable influence. He had heard of the islands in the Western Ocean possessing the delights of Paradise, if they were not the actual Paradise of our first parents. He was told that these blessed places were,



FROM AN OLD MAP.

as the Holy Land was afterwards, in the possession of infidels, and he felt it his duty to find them and give them the true religion. With a disciple, Saint Malo, he set sail for the unknown West, and, after long wandering, landed on an island that ever afterwards bore his name, though unfortunately, no one has been able to find it again! What became of them no one knows, probably, I suppose, because a Latin man-

uscript that recorded their adventures, which once was preserved in a cathedral on one of the Canary Islands, has disappeared.

So strong an impression did the story of Saint Brandan make upon the inhabitants of the Canary Islands, that many persons there have fancied that they have actually seen the island he visited, lying at a distance of some one hundred miles to the westward. For years, and even for centuries, this belief held possession of the people of Europe, and over and over again expeditions were sent out to find it. The last one sailed from the Island of Teneriffe, in October, 1721, but returned only to tell the expectant populace that it had been unsuccessful. It was not until a number of years later, however, that the island was finally taken off from the map, and I believe that there are those in the Canaries still, who occasionally see, or think they see, the lofty mountains rising from the restless waves of the Atlantic Ocean.

There were two more mysterious islands placed by romance and tradition in the wondrous Western Ocean. The story of one takes us back to the early history of Spain. For eight hundred years that interesting

the world knew nothing! There was a tradition, of which it is possible they had heard, that there existed in this ocean a fair land of such charms that nothing except Paradise could be compared with it. This happy country was called Atlantis, and as the stories about it are older than any accounts of explorations of the ocean, we may suppose that the sea was named from the land. It is said that the great Athenian law-giver, Solon, who lived some twenty-five hundred years ago, went to Egypt and heard from the wise priests there about the island of Atlantis, which, they said, had been swallowed up nine thousand years before their day in the waters of the great Western ocean. Plato gave a description of it to the Greeks, as he had heard it spoken of by Solon. It was the domain of Poseidon, or Neptune, who had a magnificent palace in the centre of it. There were lofty mountains, noble rivers, rich jewels, beautiful birds and useful animals. The climate was temperate, and the people were all happy until they lost their high character and fell into bad habits. Then it was, as I suppose, (for Plato's narrative, like a continued story in a magazine, stops suddenly at the interesting

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so rough, that for several days he could not land. He hovered about, with how much impatience we may imagine, and at last came to anchor. How the trees pleased his eyes, with their gay blossoms and green leaves! And the fields, what gorgeousness of flowers they bore! Day after day he searched for the fountain, but never could he find its refreshing waters. He had not discovered an island, but our continent, and the country he was in has always since borne the name he gave it, Florida. It is a land of oranges and flowers, but it is not the Mysterious Island of Bimini. That is yet to be discovered.



PROPERTY OF
THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

TALES OF THE PATHFINDERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLANDS.

ONCE upon a time there lived in England a young lady whose name was Anne Dorset. She was of an aristocratic family, beautiful, and of engaging manners. It was long before the times of the Earl of Dorset, or I should have believed that she belonged to his proud family. It was during the reign of that great king, Edward the Third, at a time when the people were stirred by romantic thoughts and deeds. You remember that the celebrated Black Prince was son of this King Edward, and that he was a chivalric warrior who went to France with his father's soldiers and fought at the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, and wrought those deeds of valor that have

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They arrested poor Robert, and put him in prison, whence he escaped, and not willing to give up his fair Anne without another effort, followed her to Bristol, whither she had been carried, and there managed to gain opportunities to see her. He found that she remained true to her promise,

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trusting to the seamen to steer them towards fair France. Alas, little did they dream that the wind that so softly swelled their sails was to turn to fierce storm, which should drive them far from the gay shores they thought so near, and on which they hoped for a life of so much happiness.

The morning of that stormy night found them drifting away to unknown regions. They were out in the broad Atlantic, an ocean of which at the time

the world knew nothing! There was a tradition, of which it is possible they had heard, that there existed in this ocean a fair land of such charms that nothing except Paradise could be compared with it. This happy country was called Atlantis, and as the stories about it are older than any accounts of explorations of the ocean, we may suppose that the sea was named from the land. It is said that the great Athenian law-giver, Solon, who lived some twenty-five hundred years ago, went to Egypt and heard from the wise priests there about the island of Atlantis, which, they said, had been swallowed up nine thousand years before their day in the waters of the great Western ocean. Plato gave a description of it to the Greeks, as he had heard it spoken of by Solon. It was the domain of Poseidon, or Neptune, who had a magnificent palace in the centre of it. There were lofty mountains, noble rivers, rich jewels, beautiful birds and useful animals. The climate was temperate, and the people were all happy until they lost their high character and fell into bad habits. Then it was, as I suppose, (for Plato's narrative, like a continued story in a magazine, stops suddenly at the interesting

place,) that they were all drowned, and their island with its loveliness, lost forever.

Anne and Robert might, as I have said, have known of this island, but I fear that at the time we are speaking of, they had thoughts only for their own sad condition, for the storm that was carrying them off did not grow less severe as hour after hour heavily dragged on. Their sailors knew only the route to France, along the shores and across the Channel, and were as much lost as the runaways when the wind roared and the fierce waves drove them out of sight of the headlands of England. Day after day the storm beat upon the little vessel. Poor Anne was overcome with remorse and fright, and, I doubt not, wished a thousand times that she had never run away from her home.

After two weeks of these terrible frights and fears, the seamen joyfully saw land. Birds flew about the ship, sweet perfumes were wafted from noble forests, and hope rose in the hearts of all the weary shipload. Some went ashore and came back saying the land was like another Eden, and Robert determined to take his fair Anne into the lovely place. They

found no men, no women; nothing living but gay birds that did not fear them, and animals that had no fierceness. Mountain brooks carried coolness to the valleys, and rippled musically over sparkling pebbles. Here, under a great tree, in a pleasant meadow, Robert made a bower for Anne, and thought that rest would restore her to strength. He left some of his men in the ship to watch it, and then gave himself up to the delights of the scene. Alas, storms came even to that lovely land, and on the third day, the sea rose in its power, and the waves swallowed up the little ship, leaving no more marks of it than had been left of the great island of Atlantis, with its beauties and inhabitants, ages before.

Poor Anne! She had been sad before, but now she was fairly overcome, and feeling certain that her most dismal forebodings had come to pass, she died after three days more of painful life, during which she was not able to speak, even to Robert. The tragedy overcame the strong man, and his companions were unable to comfort him. Upbraiding himself, he wasted away and died of a broken heart. The seamen buried them both under the great tree that had

shaded their bower, and marked the spot with a cross and an inscription. They then bethought them of a mode of escape. Building a frail boat, they set out for England, but were wrecked on the coast of Africa, where the Moors made slaves of them. They had discovered the island of Madeira, so it is said, but only misery had come of their adventure. Thus the first land in the great ocean had been found, and thus the story of exploration in the West began.

There is something very interesting about the constant looking to the westward that we notice in history as we study it. We read first of men in the interior of Asia, where the people lived from whom our very language came. They sent colonies into Europe, and for a while history centred about the Mediterranean, and especially about the part of it called the Ægean sea. We must not forget Palestine and Egypt, however, where there was civilization before that of Greece and Rome came up. For ages all adventure was confined to this sea, and no one thought it possible for ships to sail beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, which were called the Pillars of Hercules, and *Ultima Thule*, or the Utmost Bound.

Men had travelled too far to the East, and had returned with wondrous stories of the wealth and grandeur of China, which they called the land of the Grand Cham. At the very time when the Black Prince was fighting at Poitiers, an Englishman named Mandeville, was travelling in the East, and learning facts that made him assert that the world was a globe, and that one might sail in a vessel all the way around it. Three hundred years before the birth of Christ, a wise astronomer in Egypt, which was the learned land in that age, after careful study, had made up his mind that the world was round, but for ages, only the wisest men believed him. They thought that it could not be; that men could not possibly stand on both sides of a round ball, even if it was as big as the earth. I suppose there was not a book in the world, at the time of Robert and Anne, so popular as the book of travels, written by Sir John Mandeville, on his return from his journeys. He was gone from England more than thirty years, and when he came home, he told wonderful stories, of trees that bore meal, honey and wine, of a lake that was made of the tears of Adam and Eve, who, he said, wept a hundred

tears after they left Paradise; of the court of the Grand Cham, and its magnificence; of his wives, each of whom wore on her head a sort of cap made to imitate the foot of a man, to show that they were under the subjection of man; and of many other wonders that I cannot stop to tell.

A hundred years before the time of Mandeville, there went from Venice a man named Marco Polo, who also came back with stories of the wealth and wonders of the East. He described a strange island that he called Cipango, which lay to the eastward of China, and he described also, like Mandeville, the palace of the Grand Cham, which he said was in a city that has since been discovered to be Peking, in the province of Cathay. It was four miles in circuit, he said, was resplendent with gold, silver, precious stones, and gorgeous silks. The air was filled with rich Eastern perfumes, the tables were burdened with wonderful dishes, and the attendants were adorned in the gayest dresses. The capital of the Grand Cham was one hundred miles in circuit, built, like Venice, on islands, and had magnificent bridges, so lofty that the greatest vessels could go under them

grew to be worthy of his good fortune. He became not only a good scholar, but also a tall, well-formed man, of activity and vigor, and possessed of an undaunted spirit. I have no doubt these traits commended the young man everywhere, for Spain was then the most forward of the nations in warlike enterprise and in the spirit of old chivalry, that spirit which the world has so much admired.

Boys at school and students in the universities sometimes give attention to other things than their books, and so it was with romantic Ferdinand. His stern patron had not thought of this when he admitted Ferdinand to his house, or he would have taken measures, I am sure, to keep him from learning too well the good traits of the accomplished heiress of the establishment. This young lady was as sensible and beautiful as she was accomplished, and Ferdinand did not fail to learn the fact. Nor was Isabella Bovadilla slow to see the good traits of her father's ward; perhaps the fact that her father had given him such marked approval rendered him still more attractive in her view. Many

ladies had admired Ferdinand, but to none had he given his homage and his heart until now when he fell in love with Isabella.

Sad were the hearts of the two young people when Isabella's arbitrary father repulsed Ferdinand's suit with haughty scorn, for he hoped to marry his daughter to some man as wealthy as he was himself. Little did he dream of the changes that time was to work. When Ferdinand was assured that his poverty lay at the root of his trouble, he determined to enter upon a career which should bring him a fortune ; and as a matter of course, America was the land he looked to, for it was the paradise of chivalric adventurers, the El Dorado of the Spanish imagination. No other land offered equal attractions, and he soon sailed for Darien, leaving Isabella, in whom he fully trusted, in her father's care. A year passed away, and another and another, and still he was in the same region of Central America, with no more wealth than he had before. He had been sent, in 1528, to explore the coast of Guatemala and Yucatan, to discover a strait cutting the American continent, which should

afford a near passage to China. Many of the early explorers looked in vain for this strait. Captain John Smith went up the Chickahominy River with this end in view; and you may see on the map of Canada that the French called the rapids near Montreal *La Chine*, which means in their language China, because they thought the river ran from the country they wanted so much to find. They did not know how broad our continent is, or they would not have supposed that little creeks might be straits connecting the ocean on its two sides. During these tedious years the lovers did not hear much of the doings of one another; Ferdinand was able to send only infrequent letters to Isabella, from whom the message came back that she was still faithfully waiting for his return.

We shall find that Isabella did not know the nature of the work in which Ferdinand was engaged, and that as soon as she found out what her lover was doing, she protested, like a true woman, against it, though at that time young people and old were educated to think that many cruel and bloody acts, from which we shrink, were honorable and

right. De Soto was undoubtedly involved in some of the deeds of his countrymen in Central America, that were too dreadful for me to describe, and yet much of it was done under the cloak of religion. Pizarro heard of the desirable qualities of the young man, and asked the governor of Darien to send him to help in the conquest of Peru; but I must add that Ferdinand sympathized with Pizarro in none of his base deeds and especially that he is said to have protested against the treacherous murder of the unfortunate Inca, Atahualpa. I am sorry to have to confess that his feelings on the subject were not so deep that he was able to resist the temptation to accept his share of the ransom so wickedly extorted from the wretched Inca, and of the gold stolen from his subjects. It was a sore temptation, for the riches thus acquired enabled him to return to claim the hand of Isabella. He knew that it would remove the objection to their marriage that her father and rich friends had entertained. Such considerations appealed very strongly to all men in those days, and especially to ardent young Spaniards, and I

think that they would have a great weight with any lover in our time.

When Ferdinand reached his native land, he found that his arbitrary and relentless patron had died, and that he had left but a small portion to Isabella. The young hero was therefore proud to offer with his heart sufficient wealth to reinstate the lady in the social station she had occupied in her father's life. It must have been a proud moment for Ferdinand. He had left home a poor boy of nineteen, under the displeasure of a powerful patron, and now he returned a great conqueror, under the smiles of the proud emperor Charles the Fifth, who showered honors upon him and was ready to grant his largest request. Such was the nature of the changes that came over the lives of adventurers in those days, and it is not a wonder that exaggerated stories were told of the wealth and wonders of a country where such things were possible.


I think that few people believed that Pizarro had been the real conqueror of Peru. They knew too well his low birth and wretched char-

acter, and felt that but for the skill and bravery of De Soto the expedition could not have turned out a success. We may hope that they gave the young knight credit for his abhorrence of the dastardly deeds of the campaign.

For some years Ferdinand and Isabella lived in splendor among the grandees of Spain, but even their large fortune was not sufficient to bear the heavy drafts that this life demanded, and after a time Ferdinand found that it was necessary to enter upon a new scheme to fill his coffers. It happened that in the year 1536 there returned to Spain one Cabeza de Vaca, who had led an expedition in America. He had visited the interior of the continent, and as there was no one to expose the untruthfulness of his statements, he related the most astonishing tales of the wealth and magnificence of the places he had visited. The easily excited imagination of his countrymen was stimulated to the utmost, and De Soto saw that the opportunity that he needed had come to him. He proposed to the great emperor Charles, then the most powerful ruler in Europe, to take

command of an expedition to conquer the land of "Florida" for him. Florida was a name vaguely applied to a region in America of indefinite extent, supposed to be of immense wealth, besides possessing the Fountain of Youth which would restore strength and vigor to the aged.

The stories of this land stirred Spain deeply, but the feeling became greater and greater when it was known that the emperor had authorized De Soto to lead to the New World the greatest expedition that Spain had ever fitted out. Words cannot tell what enthusiasm was aroused, nor with what zeal the people rushed to claim the honor of sailing for the El Dorado, or Land of Gold, as it was called. You have read of the Crusades, and remember how all Europe followed Peter the Hermit when he preached for volunteers in the beginning of the movement. The uprising in Spain at this time has seemed to historians to resemble that one. Not only did adventurers who coveted gold and honors see an opportunity here, but the religious mind was touched by the stories told of the heathenism of the people of Florida, and ecclesiastics saw an



opportunity to do something to bring converts into the Church, and thus increase the power of the Pope. It was the custom of the early explorers of America to say that they intended to convert the people of the countries he should visit to the true religion, that is, to their own religion, which was the religion of the Church of Rome. Columbus set the fashion, and all seem to have followed him. It is an honor to set a good fashion, and we must give Columbus credit for this one, though we cannot admire the methods he and his successors adopted to carry out their good intentions.

When the expedition was ready to sail, in the spring of 1538, it comprised priests stimulated by the religious zeal of which I have spoken; high-born hidalgos of Portugal, who longed for adventure under the direction of a leader so successful as Ferdinand; cavaliers of Spain, some of whom had sold their possessions to defray the cost of their outfits, and a crowd of minor worthies, each of whom might, I am sure, have told an interesting story of the reasons that had led him to volunteer. Nor were the men alone. One wife accompanied

her husband because, forsooth, he had invested his all in the expedition and could not leave anything behind for household expenses during her solitariness. The fair Donna Isabella was drawn by the strong cords of the mutual love that had so long filled her heart. Seldom if ever before had women accompanied men on an enterprise of this kind, and it was a good sign that they went now, though the fact did not preserve the expedition from a dark fate.

On a bright April day, in 1539, amid the booming of great guns and the plaudits of admiring crowds, the fleet gayly set its sails and left the shores of Spain behind as it pushed out into the little known ocean. It was almost the end of May when Cuba was reached, and at Santiago, the capital, the fleet was welcomed with the same tokens of rejoicing that had marked the departure from home. Havana was visited, and there Ferdinand made his arrangements to leave Isabella as governor while he continued to the destination on the mainland. Ferdinand did not seem to be very desirous to leave his young wife, for he occupied

the most of a year in making ready for the new start, though one would think that there must have been but little to do. When the fleet finally set off, it employed the summer of 1539 in coasting along the western shore of Florida. The winter was passed in inactivity near the spot on which Tallahassee was afterwards built. But so evident had been the want of success, that all except the never-daunted leader were cast down and hopeless. The natives had shown them no gold, and ever desirous of putting as great a distance as possible between the strangers and themselves, always told them misleading and exaggerated stories of wealth to be found in remote regions. The invaders were kept aimlessly wandering for two whole years through the region now covered by Florida, Alabama, and Georgia. The natives were treated in such an arbitrary and hard-hearted manner that they placed every obstacle in the way of the Spaniards, and at last the enmity brought on war. On one occasion a terrible battle was fought, in the course of which all of the baggage of Ferdinand's followers was burned. This must have added much

to the discomfort of the Spaniards. I never actually lost my baggage in travelling, but I have had it delayed sometimes, and it proved a great discomfort, even in a civilized land. How much worse must it have been for these men in an almost impassable wilderness, surrounded by a watchful and treacherous enemy!

All this time the lonely Governor Isabella was getting but little information in Cuba of the work of the expedition, but she was learning more of its nature. The better she understood it the less she liked it, and at last she wrote a letter to Ferdinand, begging him to desist from his acts of cruelty towards the Americans, and return to her, lest the wrath of Heaven should fall upon him. An appeal of this sort from the one he loved best added to his distress, but was not powerful enough to turn the strong man from the purpose to which he had pledged himself before his sovereign and his men. On and ever on he journeyed, over the Mississippi, through the unbroken wilds of Arkansas, always following the supposed traces of the Fountain of Youth or the land of gold.

Despite the losses and discouragements, it was probably a gay and pompous march, and we may picture the expedition passing slowly through the country, its brilliant banners flying, its horses caparisoned in many colored trappings, and its priests adding to the picturesqueness of the scene by their brilliant robes, while they made the woods solemn as they chanted the service of the Church with all the splendor possible beneath the moss-covered arches of the live oak and the cottonwood. Thus mountains were passed over, and prairies and morasses were left behind, the firm-hearted leader the while trying to impart his own courage to his languid followers, whose numbers and physical force were slowly wasting away.

There is a limit to human endurance, and even one so determined as De Soto must find it at last. Thus it was that, in 1542, he became convinced of the hopelessness of continuing his search in the wilds of Arkansas, or in the Indian Territory, and reluctantly turned his face eastward. The tragedy now comes to a sudden close. No sooner had the expedition reached the banks of the great river than

De Soto was smitten with a fatal fever. It soon became apparent that no human hand could give relief to the man whose followers had boldly proclaimed to the savages that their leader was immortal and invincible. Steadily the dire fever made its certain progress, and on the twenty-first of May, death closed the great explorer's career, dashed to earth his brilliant prospects, left his hopeless followers alone in an almost uninhabited wilderness in which nature lavishly displayed the utmost exuberance of her riches, as if to tantalize them in their homesickness, and made the faithful Isabella a forlorn widow, not even permitted the sad privilege of mourning for her husband, for his fate was long to be only surmised by her.

The members of the company were perplexed to know how to keep the savages from the knowledge of the fact that their valiant leader was dead. With sad rites they buried his body by the side of the river, but soon afterwards they feared that it would tell their dangerous secret to any Indian who might ride that way, and they finally bethought themselves of a plan to avoid this catastrophe.

They might have burned the body, but probably the priests protested against a disposal of it that appeared to them heathenish.

It is possible that some priest learned in the history of the Eternal City, remembered that he had read of the disposal of the body of one of its conquerors eleven hundred years before, and suggested that De Soto should find a mausoleum in the river he had done so much to make historic. There are good reasons why the sea should become a great burial-place.

How many have died on ships far from land, long before their loved ones, if they had any to close their eyes for the last sleep, could reach a country where a sepulchre could be found! Of course no reason of that kind ever made it desirable to bury any one in a river, and so few have such burials been that I can recall but two. Just eleven hundred and thirty-six years after the waters of the little river Busento in Southern Italy flowed over the body of the conquering Goth, the mighty Alaric, of ancient time, the great river of the Western World, hid forever beneath its slow-flowing current

all that remained of the romantic and chivalric hero of proud Spain.

I hope that some of my readers remember the story of Alaric, how he ravaged Rome and other cities of Italy, and how, when he died, his followers built a dam across the Busento, turned the waters from their channel, deposited the barbarian body in a pit that they had dug in its bed, and then turned the stream back again, as the poet sings :

And a second time diverted was the flood conducted back,
Foaming rushed Busento's billows onward in their wonted
track.

And a warrior-chorus sang, "Sleep with thy honors, hero
brave;

Ne'er shall foot of lucre-loving Roman desecrate thy grave."
Far and wide the songs of praise resounded in the Gothic-
host;

Bear them on, Busento's billow, bear them on from coast to
coast.

Thus was the barbarian's body hidden from those whom his followers with reason thought might wish to do it dishonor. By its side were placed the golden treasures he had torn from the

rich people of Italy, lest that might be recovered by them. De Soto had found no gold. His enterprise had not even succeeded in that respect, and there was nothing but his body for his followers to bury.

Can you imagine the scene when the forlorn and fearful remnants of the proud troop that we saw so gayly sailing from Spain, furtively bore the body of their leader from the shore to the middle of the Mississippi, and with all the solemnity possible, committed it to that most secret resting-place?

It was a sad scene, and there has been no other like it in American history. The busy rush of trade has carried thousands over the burial-place, and the crash of war has disturbed the quiet of the scene, but no man can say that he knows where De Soto is buried. The great river will keep the secret forever.

Time hath passed on since then, and swept
From earth the urns where heroes slept;
Temples of God and domes of kings
Are mouldering with forgotten things;

Yet not shall ages e'er molest
The viewless home of *Soto's* rest.
Still rolls, like them, the unfailing river,
The guardian of his dust forever.

Three long years passed before the followers of De Soto reached Mexico and were able to convey to Isabella the sad news. During this time her husband's fate had been a mystery to her. The misery of her life then came to a sudden close. Her heart broke under the strain, and in three days she, too, was no more. Thus ended another of the tragedies which mark the story of the discovery and exploration of our continent.

CHAPTER III.

HOW A COLONY WAS LOST.

A NUMBER of scenes crowd upon me this morning as I think of the subject that I am to treat. I seem to stand on the shores of old England just three hundred years ago this twenty-second day of September. A small vessel is making its way into the harbor of Falmouth, bearing news from the westward. It is the *Golden Hind*, and it tells a story that our good poet Longfellow has embalmed in his lines entitled "Sir Humphrey Gilbert." The watchers by the shore are told how the five vessels that had been sent to distant Newfoundland had fared ; how the largest, fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh, had long before returned, how the next in size had been lost before trying to return home ; and how the ill-success, the tempestuous weather and the unpropitious prospect

had caused all to want to turn towards England ; and then they heard the story that the poet has told — how the commander, the good Sir Humphrey Gilbert, had gone down with his vessel, the *Squirrel*, a boat that we should think scarcely big enough to sail along our coast with.

Just as the decision had been made that the three remaining vessels should return and give up their attempt, so the seamen said, there passed between them and the land “ a very lion, to our seeming, in shape, hair and color ; not swimming after the manner of a beast, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body (not excepting the legs) in sight.” The men were probably alarmed, but Gilbert professed to see a good omen, though the beast, which was probably a seal or sea-lion, turned its head angrily to and fro, gaped fiercely at the intruders, as he considered the seamen, made ugly demonstrations with his long teeth and glaring eyes, and sent forth a lion-like roaring or bellowing with its horrible voice.

I seem to hear the seamen tell, and rejoice in telling, the story of the self-sacrificing bravery of

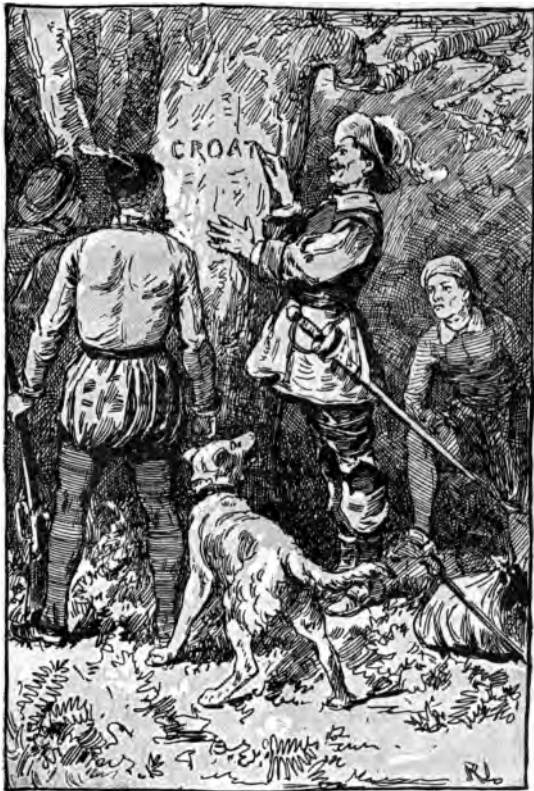
the good commander as he refused to leave the *Squirrel*, though it was so small and was overcharged with artillery and other warlike freight which made its safety in the Atlantic tempests that were to be encountered in a September voyage, very doubtful. With what feeling do they speak his words again as he said, "I will not forsake my little company going homewards with whom I have passed so many storms and perils." I hear them tell how the voyage progressed until the ninth of September came, the fatal day when the *Squirrel* was near cast away; when they saw Gilbert sitting with the good Book in his hand, and, as they approached near, heard him say, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land." I think their voices dropped as they told the breathless group about them that at about twelve of the clock that same ninth of September, being Monday, suddenly the lights of the *Squirrel* went out, "as it were in a moment," and the watch on the *Golden Hind* shouted that the general was cast away, which was, alas, too true, "for that moment the *Squirrel* was devoured and swallowed up of the sea!"

Now let us turn to our Longfellow, and read:

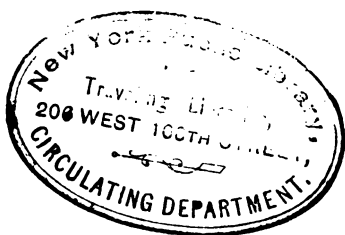
He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "By water as by land!"

This heroic adventurer has not a little connection with the story I am to tell, for he was a half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, who fitted out his fleet, and who sent out the colony that was lost, and as he was himself lost exactly three hundred years ago this very month in which I am writing, a vision of him will force itself upon me. He was one of the old Pathfinders, albeit one who failed in his effort, which was to find a passage to Asia around the north of our continent. The passage has not yet been found, and at this moment the papers are discussing the subject with little more prospect of solving the tragic problem than there was in the days of Queen Elizabeth, who gave our Gilbert on the eve of his departure from England, a golden anchor as a token of her regard.

The next scene that comes to me this morning is one in which the queen is prominent. Raleigh



KEEPING THE AGREEMENT.



had been spending some time in Ireland, where he had heard a part of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* read by its author, who had been dissuaded from giving it to the world by the criticisms of some of his friends who did not fancy rhymed verses. He brought Spenser and his poem to London, and soon the literary world was welcoming a new light whom critics have never since tired of calling the most poetic of all his tribe. You have all heard of the scene when Raleigh brought himself to his sovereign's notice. She was on a walk, and came to a place where the mud of the way threatened to soil her fine clothes. Such places cannot have been few in those early days, for good roads are things that our ancestors did not know even in favored England, and in England's capital. As the queen hesitated and as her other courtiers did not see how to overcome the difficulty, the new-comer proved the man for the occasion, and his gorgeous cloak fell into the mud before his sovereign to serve as a foot-cloth. The action was an inspiration, and lifted the hero to a place of prominence in the court. Perhaps it led to the

efforts to found a colony in the New World, and therefore to the loss of the colony that I am to tell of.

Another scene that comes to me reminds me that it was this Walter Raleigh who first told our fathers how to smoke tobacco. Europeans have been burning "the Virginia Weed," as it is called, for three hundred years. It is said, but I am not sure that it is truly said, that one day, as Raleigh was writing, and smoking, he called his servant to bring him some water, and when the servant came with it, he threw it all over his master, whom he innocently supposed to be on fire. It does not sound to me like a true story, but there it stands in history, and it comes to me as I have seen it in pictures ever since I was a small boy. It may serve the good purpose of fixing in our minds the date of the introduction of tobacco into Europe. It is connected with the other story of weighing tobacco smoke. It is said that one day when the queen and Sir Walter were sitting together chatting while he smoked his pipe, the royal dame said that she would lay him a wager that with all his

ingenuity, he could not tell the weight of the smoke that came from his tobacco. "The thing is quite easy," said Raleigh, as he weighed a quantity of tobacco and placed it in his pipe. When the whole had been burned, he placed the ashes in the scales and told the surprised queen that the difference in weight between the tobacco and the ashes was the weight of the smoke. Elizabeth paid him the gold with a smile, as she remarked that she had heard of alchemists who had turned their gold into smoke, but that he was the first man of whom she had heard who was able to turn smoke into gold. Such a story was likely to be repeated, and it is said that from the time dates the popularity of tobacco in England, which one writer declares perfumes the island from John O'Groat's to Land's End. It was this popularity of tobacco that led Ben Jonson to write in one of his plays, "I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man and to fill him full of smoke and embers; there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it; and two

more the bell went for yesternight; one of them, they say, will ne'er 'scape it." It led King James, some years later, to write his celebrated "Counterblaste against Tobacco."

Such are some of the thoughts that come to my mind as I think of the colony that was lost three hundred years ago. The next scene will take longer to tell of. Sir Walter Raleigh, whom one of his late biographers calls the founder of England's colonial empire, is the centre of it. I cannot stop to give you the history of his varied life, almost every important and interesting event in which is involved in obscurity or perplexed with doubt.

If you were to visit London now, you might read on a window of one of its churches these lines by our American poet, Lowell:

The New World's sons, from England's breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
Proud of her past, wherefrom our future grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name.

American citizens placed the window there in memory of the man who, though he never visited our shores, had predominant in his mind the found-

ing of a colonial empire for our mother-country by wresting America from the grasp of Spain, which then held it or rather claimed to hold it.

What do we see, when we allow our imagination to carry us back to the brilliant days when Raleigh was one of the chief ornaments of the famous court of "England's manly queen," as Mr. Lowell calls Elizabeth? He is himself the first to attract our attention; a brave, accomplished young student from Oxford, whose mind was filled with romantic throbbings as he read the stories of the doings of Pizarro, Cortez, De Soto, and those other Spaniards whose boldness in American conquest was then the latest excitement. We should find him, I am sure, interested in the French efforts at colonization in South Carolina under Ribault, agent of Admiral Coligni, and with regrets at the tragic failure of the scheme. It was not many years after that event that Raleigh went to France to fight for religious liberty (in a troop which he said was "wholly gentleman, wholly soldier") on the side of the Prince of Condé and the Admiral Coligni. After six years of such work, he was


again abroad on a similar errand, a volunteer in the Netherlands, under the noble Prince of Orange. The student of the life of Raleigh is inclined to agree with that critic who asserted that Raleigh was "one of the most renowned and attractive, and in some respects the most remarkable in English history. . . . His mind presents a surprising union of strength and versatility, of intellectual and practical power, and of an observing, reflective, philosophical with a highly imaginative or poetical temperament."

Raleigh was skilled in mathematics, knew all that any one knew in that day of chemistry, was a brave and experienced soldier, spoke several languages, and knew the history and geography of the world.

Besides all this, he was a poet of no mean pretensions, the honored companion of Sidney, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Francis Bacon, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare, and probably of every other man of letters of any standing in his day. He was one of the famous company that is reported to have had its meetings at the Mermaid Inn in

London, and his was not the least brilliant of the sprightly wit of that company.

Protestant though he was, Raleigh accepted the doctrine that had been fostered by the popes, that the unchristianized peoples of the world were without rights to any territory they might occupy, and it was on this principle that he proposed to take possession of all of North and South America that he could conquer, in the name of the Queen of England. Elizabeth was not willing that he should go in person on the expedition, as she had work for him to do on her side of the Atlantic, but she gave him a generous patent, entitling him to take possession of western countries and to plant colonies. The consequence was that he sent an expedition out in 1584, which discovered the shores of what is now North Carolina. The Englishmen were hospitably entertained and spent six weeks with the wife of the chief who ruled those parts. They then returned, taking home with them two of the natives and specimens of the products of the country. In their enthusiasm, they reported that the soil was the most fruitful of all the world, that



the oaks were of many kinds and far better than those of England, that the fruits, vegetables, fish and game were abundant, and that the people were "most gentle, loving and faithful, void of all guile and treason," and that they lived "after the manner of the golden age."

Such reports, so verified, excited enthusiasm in England. The queen permitted Raleigh to name the new land Virginia, in honor of her virginity; she made him a knight and gave him monopolies to enable him the better to pursue the work of colonization which she rightly thought was to add to the lustre of her reign. The consequence was that a notable expedition was ready to start by the next April under command of Sir Richard Grenville, a cousin of Raleigh, as admiral, and bearing Ralph Lane, who was to be governor of the colony. Among the company was a scientific man of the highest rank, Thomas Hariot, who wrote an account of his observations made during his stay in the country. This man was a staunch friend of Raleigh through good report and evil report all his life. He was the reputed inventor of our sys-

tem of algebraic notation, and divides with Galileo the credit of first observing the spots on the sun and the satellites of Jupiter. The rank and position of the men who came with this expedition show better than words can tell the impression that had been made by the reports from America.

The squadron arrived at Roanoke Island in due time: that is, after a voyage of some three months' duration — and proceeded to explore the vicinity; but the guileless natives had found reason to change their attitude towards the invaders, and Grenville soon returned with a portion of the fleet, leaving Lane, however, who made excursions in various directions; but he, too, was glad to take advantage of the coming of a fleet of Sir Francis Drake to return also, and they arrived at Portsmouth July 28th, 1586, "to the great glory of God, and to the no small honor of the prince, our country, and ourselves," as a narrator expresses it, though it is difficult to see in what the "honor" consists.

It was just after Lane had thus sailed for home, that a relief ship arrived bearing supplies, but

finding Roanoke Island deserted, it sailed homewards. Two weeks later, Sir Richard Grenville brought other supplies, and failing in his turn to find the former colonists, he sailed back again, leaving, however, fifteen lone men on the shore to hold possession of the New World. Fancy, if you can, the condition of those fifteen men, as they stood on the sandy North Carolina shore, and saw the sails of the ships disappear from sight. We can only imagine their feelings, for no one ever saw them again.

Still the strong spirit of Raleigh was undaunted, and in 1587, he sent out another colony, under John White, and furnishing it with a charter for the city of Raleigh which they were to found. The first labor was to find the fifteen men left by Grenville, but, saving the whitened bones of one, and the huts grown over with vines, there were no vestiges of them. The savages reported that they had been attacked and killed, or driven off, a natural conclusion to a foolhardy venture. The fleet did not remain long, but leaving the colonists, White sailed for home to get assistance. He left

behind him one person whom he had not brought, Virginia Dare, his granddaughter, born on the eighteenth of August, the first child of English parentage born within the present limits of the United States. Nine days after the little stranger appeared on the sandy shore of Roanoke, its grandfather sailed and did not return for three long, dreary years. He left with an agreement that if the colonists should change their place of residence, they would leave carved on the trees or door-posts the name of the place to which they had gone. Should they remove in misfortune, a cross, emblem of faith and heavenly succor, should be cut beneath the name.

Never was the truth of the proverb, "Man proposes, God disposes," more fully shown than in the events that followed. If you will turn to your English histories, you will get an idea of what John White found to be the state of affairs when he reached England. I suppose that, before he left home, he knew that Philip the Second was making great preparations to invade England, and perhaps he had heard that two or three weeks

before he had finally weighed anchor at Plymouth. Sir Francis Drake had "sing'd the Spanish king's beard," as he expressed it, by sinking, burning, or capturing all of his shipping at Cadiz, and he may have thought that Philip had been frightened out of his schemes. Probably he was not prepared to find all England stirred and thoroughly awake to the fact that self-preservation demanded all their exertions, and that not the smallest ship, or the most insignificant officer could be spared to prosecute discoveries, or even to carry succor to suffering explorers, who had gone to increase the glory of their country.


The summer of 1588 was crowded with the stirring events connected with the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and in these, Raleigh and Grenville were deeply involved. When, at last, danger from the Spaniards was at an end, Raleigh found himself so much impoverished that he was not able to fit out such an expedition as he wished. Did he find time even to think of the Englishmen that White had left on the shores of a vast continent? Did White think of them? Yes; the brave men

were not forgotten. Two small fleets were prepared for the purpose of carrying relief, but the first was impressed by the government, and the second did not reach the colony, the men proving more anxious to fight Spaniards than to carry food to their own countrymen. Thus time wore on, and it was not until the spring of 1590, that Governor White was actually on his way towards America.

Shall we try to picture to ourselves the condition of the men on the Carolina shore from September, 1587, to August, 1590, when Governor White's ships arrived to look for them? Shall we sit with them on the low beach as they saw the ships lose themselves in the distance, the September sun shining upon their full sails, and try to realize the thoughts of home and wives and children that filled their minds? Shall we turn with them to the work that lay before them as the last vestige of the fleet disappeared, and they felt that the only link that held them to civilization was broken, and they among unfriendly savages? Autumn had already begun, and winter was soon to be upon them. What kind of a winter were

they to expect in the New World? Little did they know. What preparation did they make for the future? Did they stop long on the island, or did they soon seek the mainland, as White supposed they would find it best to do? We know little of their movements. They must have ventured to remove, and that under agreeable auspices, and they carved on a tree the name of the place to which they went. That is all. They died. That little Virginia who, first of English children, drew her breath on American land, drew her last breath before three summers had been given her; but did she die of disease or of accident? Did an Indian hatchet cleave her young body? These are questions that never can be answered.

When White approached Roanoke Island, he saw, or thought he saw, through the gloom of nightfall, a light glimmering among the sombre trees, and visions of happy meetings with the lost filled him and his men with enthusiasm. Alas, it was only to cast them into the greater sadness, for the most careful search, the most stirring trumpet-notes, served but to make the loneliness of



the forest more desolate. No voice responded, and the break of day, that they had hoped would unite friends, showed them carved deep in the bark of a tree, the word C-R-O-A-T-A-N, the name of the place to which the colonists had retreated, perhaps from a winter storm, perhaps to find food, perhaps — but we can only guess what took them thither. The cross, to betoken distress, was not there. Had the flight been too sudden to give time to cut it? Books torn from their covers were found, pigs of lead and bars of iron, maps rotten with dampness, and a suit of armor almost eaten up by rust, but no tidings of the lost colonists! From that day to this, now almost three hundred years, no syllable has come from the LOST COLONY.

Curiosity is piqued by a tradition among the Indians of the region that they had among their ancestors some who could “talk in a book,” as the English do; and the gray eyes sometimes found among them gives a slight ground for hope that the colonists lived, and were absorbed into the friendly tribes about them; but that is all. The

lost colony furnishes another mystery, and gives a basis for further surmises as to the fate of a few more among the crowd of Pathfinders whose blood lies at the foundation of the nation that has grown up on these Western shores.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LADY REBECCA, AND SOME OTHER WIVES.

WHEN I think of the efforts to establish colonies in our country, I hear ringing in my ears certain lines of verse. I think again of little Virginia Dare breathing out her gentle young life and leaving her tender body to be buried beneath the sands of a Southern shore. With her vanishes the only representative of childhood in that day that I have heard of. Then it is that the air sings to me :

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it ;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

I remember that not only were there no children among the early Pathfinders, but, as I have told you, seldom did a woman trust herself in the little boats with which her husband or brother or lover embarked to find his fortune in the wondrous New World. It was accident that carried Anne Dorset away from her English home. Love impelled Isabella Bovadilla to follow De Soto, and we may presume to say that the mother of Virginia Dare crossed the ocean from the same powerful motive. These were exceptions to the rule, and after Virginia Dare died, there were no women among the colonists for a long time. It is this fact which lends interest to the story of the Lady Rebecca and some other wives, that I am now to tell you. Perhaps I ought to speak of the other wives before the Lady Rebecca, but I shall not.

The most of my story relates to the fifteen years that followed the death of Queen Elizabeth; long and dreary years to Raleigh, who was pining in the Tower of London, where he had been confined by his jealous sovereign, King James, of whose reign he would otherwise have been one of the most

brilliant ornaments. At the end of this tedious imprisonment, in the year 1618, Raleigh's head was cut off by the executioner, and we may suppose that the king tried to make himself believe that he felt happier when he reflected that he had put out of the way one whom he feared as much as he should have honored him. It was not necessary for King James to emigrate to a childless world, as the verses suggest, that he should turn to stoic coldness; fear of a great subject and subserviency to a foreign king were powerful enough to embolden him to this heartless deed.

Treacherous and cruel as King James was to Raleigh, he was the one who gave the charters to the two companies that made permanent settlements in America. They were in Virginia and Massachusetts. It happened that the enterprising and intelligent men of England were obliged by circumstances to engage in establishing colonies in America. Among them was the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir John Popham. We find many persons bearing titles among those who, at about this time, turned their attention westward. Any

enterprise that is taken up by such people in England becomes popular, and we should not be surprised to be told that a great many men entered into the schemes for colonization with ardor, when Sir this and Lord that allowed it to be known that they were interested in them.

King James is the person to whom we owe the translation of the Bible that is still in general use, in spite of the fact that a new one has just been made which most scholars consider better. He is known in history as the Wise Fool, the Solomon of England, and by other titles of the same sort. The historian Macaulay says that he was two persons, a well-read scholar and a drivelling idiot; which is pretty strong language, but he did so many foolish acts that it does not seem too forcible. In the year 1606, he showed both sides of his character. A few months after the land had been stirred up by the famous Gunpowder Plot, the king issued the patent that led to the founding of British civilization in America, and it was so generous in its terms that we can hardly believe that it was not dictated to him by some one of his



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The king's charter for Virginia was signed in the spring of 1606, and all summer preparations were pushed forward for the momentous expedition. Ships were fitted out, and provisioned for a voyage that was certainly to be long, but how long, no one was wise enough to tell. We can imagine the interest that was excited by these doings. On all sides, men and women were talking about the wonderful country. Doubtless some had seen a play acted the year before in which the land had been described as already full of Englishmen, as

being rich in gold, precious stones and the less valuable metals, as a place where life was all that the most luxurious could desire, and to which a direct wind would safely waft the seamen. It was a land to satisfy the desires of the dissolute, the lazy, the ambitious, and when the promoters of the colony that was to sail, gathered together the emigrants, a week before Christmas, they found on the decks of their three ships more than a hundred men, of whom one half were "gentlemen" of broken fortune and no character to speak of, and only about a dozen were laborers able to till the soil with intelligence. The company gave the party orders to explore the country, to sail up the rivers, to find an entrance to the rivers Volga and Dwina, and the great Eastern sea, and under no circumstances were they to offend "the naturals," as they called the native inhabitants of the country.

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his brains dashed out by Powhatan, and had been saved by little Pocahontas, who threw herself upon him just as the great Indian club was about to fall. He seems to have forgotten that in his first account of his adventures he had represented Powhatan as very kind to him, and not at all likely to wish him killed.

One writer tells us that the name Pocahontas meant "Little wanton," and her acts seem to give us some reason to believe that his interpretation was correct. However, that makes no difference. Many a person in our day has grown up to be staid enough who was trifling as a child, and shall we expect more of the little Indian maid than we do of a Christian child? Captain Smith sent her presents and she was a frequent visitor at the new town of the white strangers. When she was about fourteen years old, it is said that she journeyed one dark night through the woods to let the pale faces know that her savage father meditated vengeance upon them, and that Powhatan was so incensed at her conduct that she was afraid to go home for a time at least.

When Pocahontas was seventeen years of age, she was taken by the whites and kept on one of their ships, and it proved a turning point in her history, for there, one of the men, John Rolfe, fell in love with her, taught her the rudiments of Christianity and the next year made her his wife. Rolfe is described as "an honest and discreet" young Christian who had heard voices in the Virginia woods — the beautiful Virginia woods — calling upon him to lead the blind Indians into the right path, and he began his efforts with this "unregenerated maiden." At the proper time she was baptized and named Rebecca, which means "of enchanting beauty." A font was hewn out of the trunk of a tree, and probably in such a church as we have described, the dusky beauty openly renounced idolatry and was admitted into the membership of the Church of England. At her marriage, which was performed with the approval of her father, she was given away by one of her uncles, and made the proper responses in a style of broken English that must have been very charming, at least to John Rolfe. The friendship of

Powhatan was ensured by this marriage, and the colony did not suffer from the Indians for a long time.

The Indians of that time appear to me to have been a nobler, handsomer type of humanity than those with which we become acquainted when we visit our Western wilds, and I look with the most romantic interest upon this wedding that those who saw it thought promised a general mingling of the races and a prophecy of peace and happiness. It was not to be so.

Pocahontas was a worthy wife, so far as we know, and Rolfe a pattern husband, but when they left the woods and meadows of the fresh New World and sailed for the crowded capital of Britain and entered the artificial atmosphere of court life, as they did in 1616, the child of Nature pined and died at the early age of twenty-two. A few weeks before her death the Lady Rebecca attended the theatre and saw one of the masques of Ben Jonson, which much pleased her. She was presented at court by Lady De la Ware, and it is significant of the feelings of the time that after it was known in

England that Rolfe, a subject, had married a princess, it was gravely discussed in the Council whether he had not been guilty of high treason in so doing. The Lady Rebecca was about to sail from home when she died, but she left a son, Thomas, thought to have been named for Sir Thomas Dale, governor of Virginia, who survived and was afterwards looked upon with pride by some Virginians as their ancestor.

It was not strange that Rolfe should have fallen in love with the beautiful Indian maiden. Not all of the colonists were able to find wives, as he did, however, and as women did not seem to come from England readily, a scheme was formed to supply the other and better half of the social power.

Children were sent out from England — “starving boys and girls picked up in the streets of London,” and one Owen Evans, a venturesome Englishman, began boldly to kidnap young women to ship to Virginia. So much terror did he spread among that class of people that many fled from their homes and hid themselves until they thought

that danger was past. In due time, however, the company that had charge of the colony took the matter into its own hands and made arrangements for shipping boys and girls to be apprenticed to the inhabitants. One hundred were sent out in 1618, and more followed, and they were carefully provided for.

Finally the happy thought struck some one that young women might be sent out and selected on their arrival by those who wished to make them wives. The Company entered upon the work, sending at first twelve on one ship, and then on another, enough more to bring the total up to fifty.

They wrote that extraordinary care and diligence had been exercised in the choice, none being sent of whom there had not been had "good testimony of their honest life and carriage," and the hope was expressed that they should be "received with the same Christian piety and charity as they were sent."

One would think that the settlers might have looked askance at this method of furnishing them

with "help-meets," as they are sometimes called by mistake, but they all thought (as wise men still think) that a good wife is one of the best gifts of God, and that they ought to accept her in whatever way she should come. The Company guaranteed both the young women and young men freedom in choosing their partners, and provision was made for those who did not find any husbands to whom they felt willing to trust their happiness.

If a bachelor saw fit to take one of the Company's maidens, he was obliged to pay one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco for her, or rather to refund the expenses of bringing her over seas. If any of a particular lot happened to die on the passage, the cost to the marrying man was increased enough to make the aggregate equal to what it would have been had the full number arrived and been married.

Thus was this company of our Pathfinders successful in establishing itself on the Virginian coast.

Thus was the colony furnished with the pleasant

society of children, and thus did the Lady Rebecca and some other wives give joy and comfort to the young colonists who pined for the delights of home, for home was home, even two centuries and a half ago and in the wilderness of a strange land.

CHAPTER V.

STAMPING A FRENCH NAME ON THE MAP OF AMERICA.

WHO puts names on our maps? Did you ever think? If you could have looked into a certain house in the wastes of Nova Scotia one winter day two hundred and seventy-seven years ago, you would have seen such a man. Let us take a glimpse of him through the spectacles of the fascinating historian of "The Pioneers of France in the New World." We must, however, look on the map of Nova Scotia first, to see just where the place is of which we are speaking. There is a great arm of the sea called the Bay of Fundy. It has rather a droll or "funny" name, some of us think. It is a corruption of the one the French stamped upon it years ago. When a name is stamped on a coin it does not always remain clear and readable, and thus it is with the

names given to bays and towns and lands. The first settlers of Canada called the region New France, but few think of that name now. They sailed up to the end of the Bay of Fundy and named the waters there *la Fond de la Baie*, which is the French for the bottom or end of the bay. After a while people began to call it "Fond d'la Baie," then "Fondy Bay," and at last, "Bay of Fundy," which means nothing at all. In the course of time the name was given to the whole body of water.

On the western shore of this great bay, you will notice a narrow inlet admitting ships to a great sound called Annapolis basin. On the shore of this basin, at about the present site of the town of Annapolis, there was, at the time of which I am writing, a fort called after the body of water on which it lay, Port Royal. There was a quadrangle of wooden buildings enclosing a large court, protected by palisades and by cannon mounted on a bastion. There were such storehouses and quarters for soldiers as one often sees connected with fortifications, though they were rude and new.

There were garden patches, and that sad necessity, a cemetery, and beyond that the ground was marked by the decaying stumps of the trees that had been cut for the purposes of the fort and the buildings connected with it. It was not an attractive place on the outside.

Let us open the door of one of the buildings. It is a dining-hall, and there are tokens that a feast is soon to begin. It is noon. A procession appears at the hall door. A French "Grand Master" leads. A napkin is thrown over his shoulder, the staff indicative of his office is in his hand, and about his neck is displayed a costly collar—the collar of his "order"—for he belongs to a brotherhood established here in the wilderness. Each member of the order follows, bearing a dish which he places smoking on the table. When all are in the room, we find that there are fifteen Frenchmen, a few Indian chiefs, invited by them, and, about the room, crouching perhaps in the corners, are Indian braves, squaws, and even children, looking with pleased expressions of anxiety for the coveted luxuries that they expect to drop

from the well-furnished table into their hands, for they know that the gay feasters have a kind heart for them on account of the help they give in hunting and trapping expeditions.

On this table might be seen from time to time all the juicy game of the northern forests, all the luscious fish of the clear waters of the rivers and bay, and the few vegetables that the new gardens, rescued from the forest, could afford. The fifteen men form the Order of Luxurious Leisure, or, as they expressed it in French, *L' Ordre de Bon-Temps*. They were Pathfinders in the woods of New France, but they did not think it necessary to give up all of the comforts of life because they were engaged in a serious work. It was the man who stamped his name on our map who formed the new order. He knew how to manage men, and he made it one of the rules of the order that each member should be Grand Master in turn, holding office but for a day. He ordained that this official should be autocrat in the kitchen and responsible for the dinners and suppers of the others, and thus he insured good meals every day; for of course

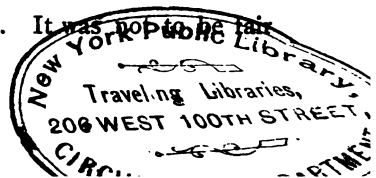
each member wished to keep up his credit with the others and to make sure that *his* dinners should not be inferior to any that should be provided by his fellows. Was it not an ingenious device?

Breakfast and supper were not so formal as dinner, of course, but at night all gathered about the great fire on the hearth and talked as the flames crackled and the sparks thronged up the wide-mouthed chimney, seemingly hurrying to get out into the frosty air. The brown wild men of the forest wrapped in their robes joined as well as they could in the good fellowship, until at the evening's close, the Grand Master passed to his successor the collar and the staff of office, and pledged him in a glass of wine, for French wine was so plenty in the woods that there was always enough and to spare.

Spring came after that winter of festivity, and all were on the alert. They built mills, laid out gardens, enclosed larger fields, gathered turpentine, and engaged in all the processes of primitive agriculture, and in the works that were appropriate to build up a colony. It was not to be fair

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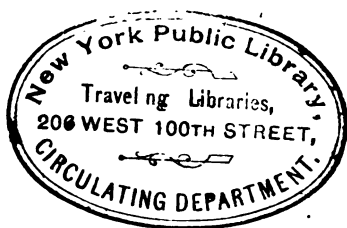
weather, however, all the time. Changes in France at last stopped all progress, and Port Royal was abandoned. I cannot tell its history, but in time it fell into the hands of the English, who called it Annapolis, in honor of Queen Anne, who then sat on their throne. It is a town of but a few hundred inhabitants now.

The Father of New France, as the founder of *L'Ordre de Bon-temps* has been called, was disappointed, but not disheartened. He returned home, and passed a year in the enjoyment of the social pleasures of which for three years he had been deprived. He was a romantic hero, reminding us sometimes of those we read of in the romances of the middle age, but he had hard common-sense and was earnest and persistent. He had come into existence so unobtrusively that no one knows now even the year in which he was born, nor what his ancestry was. He did not get a very good education, and seems to have spent his early years in the employment of a seaman.

After a while he entered the navy. He was some



"THE POWER OF CIVILIZATION WAS ASSERTED."



twenty-three years old, according to the pretty careful guesses of historians, when the celebrated battle of Ivry was fought — that battle which gave Macaulay the text for his stirring ballad. I have had to stop to read it myself as I have been writing this, it stirs me so with its fire.

Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant
land of France!

War continued a long time after the battle of Ivry before there was peace in the "pleasant land of France." It was nearly eight years before Henry the Fourth could look with satisfaction upon his goodly land, before the people could feel the pleasure that came to them at the close of the war in 1598. The Father of New France had done good service for the king, and at the close of war found himself out of business. He had been quarter-master; but quarter-masters have nothing to do in times of peace. He looked over the maps of the world, to see whither he might go for the work he delighted in. He reminds me again of those knights of the middle age, who were ever

on some "quest," as they called it, and never satisfied to be at rest and in peace.

The West Indies proved to be the region that seemed desirable above others for his purpose, and he thought over plans whereby he might get there and make an exploration that would do service to France. It seemed no easy task, for Spain was rich and strong and held the West Indies firmly in her grasp. However, our hero found a way, and sailed thither on a January day in the year 1599. I cannot tell you all that he did on this remarkable journey, but I must say that he went further than the West Indies. He crossed to the mainland, visited the city of Mexico, and made many interesting observations on what he saw. After two years' absence, he returned to France, and made a report, probably to King Henry of Navarre, in which he advocated the building of a canal across the Isthmus of Darien, and objected to the Spanish mode of trying to convert the Indians at the risk of killing them in the attempt. Nothing came directly of his report, but his journey gave him a reputation as an explorer, and he was

soon asked to accompany an expedition to that portion of the New World that had been visited in 1534, by another Frenchman, Jacques Cartier. Six months only were occupied in this expedition, and when it reached France on its return, with a careful account of the region of the river St. Lawrence, and with specimens of the Indian inhabitants, a great interest was excited in the New World.

With added experience came a new demand for his services, and in six months more he was on his way back again. This was in the spring of 1604. In September, he discovered an island which he named, from its barren mountains, *Monts Dèserts*, or, in English, Waste Mountains, which has become one of the most popular of the summer resorts of the North. There is little in its aspect now as the sailor approaches it, with its great hotels, cosey cottages and pretentious mansions to make one think of it as a desert, and yet if I were there, I am sure I would like to remember how the ships of the founder of New France sailed by the spot two hundred and eighty years ago, and stamped upon it the name that remains still.

Notice that he did not give it his own name, and I have not yet told you what his name was. He put his own name in but one place, and it was not a waste, but a place of loveliness. Let us see what he did after he had discovered the *Monts Dèserts*.

The next year he started out on an expedition to find a pleasanter place for a home than those Northern shores promised, passing down the coast of New England. He sailed along slowly, stopping from time to time to get information of the natives, or to draw maps, or make observations of the country. He visited the Kennebec, sailed over Casco Bay, by Old Orchard Beach, and by Prout's Neck, where the Indians came down in numbers to see him and his men. He passed Cape Anne, and entered Boston harbor, where he landed on Noddle's Island. He went to Plymouth, and explored Cape Cod, which he called *Cape Blanc*, from the whiteness of its sands. Then he returned to the north without finding the place he had come to seek. He learned many things, however, and among them were the Indian method

of cultivating corn, which is the same that our farmers now practice; the mode of making canoes of logs; and the way that codfishes were caught in Boston harbor. The founder of New France made careful notes of all that he saw and heard.

The effort was renewed the following year, when the explorers sailed as far as Martha's Vineyard and Wood's Holl; but they went back this time also without accomplishing anything permanent in the way of establishing a home. In 1607, the year that Jamestown was settled, our hero went to France, but he returned in a twelvemonth, and went up the St. Lawrence to find a place to found a city. It was the last of June when, with a little band, he sailed up the broad river on his quest. It was a gay and happy excursion. At first the river was so broad that it seemed more like a bay. Its waters spread out from eight to thirteen miles, but at last they narrowed, and there, where a great rock frowned upon the sailing party, it was determined to begin the town. The now ancient city of Quebec was then founded. It was the third of July. The place was called by the Indians "Que-

bio," or "Quebec," which in their speech meant "narrowing," because the river so emphatically narrowed there.

Just as the beginning had been made, a wretched member of the colony, who had by some means influenced a few of the others, laid a plan to kill their leader, and enrich themselves with the property of the expedition. They were to make a confusion in the night, which they would take advantage of to give them an opportunity to strangle or shoot their leader. The secret came to our hero's ears. He bravely invited the leaders in the conspiracy to come to a "party" on his barque, when he was to open some bottles of wine that he said had been sent to him. The heads of the conspiracy were suddenly seized and carefully placed in irons, at which, says our hero in his narrative, they were much astonished. The accomplices were awakened from their sleep on the shore, and promised pardon if they would confess. The chief conspirator was duly hung and his head placed on a pole, as a warning to all seditiously inclined. We know little of how the winter was passed in the

new town, but there was no more trouble from conspirators.

When the welcome spring came, and the frozen river was freed from its bonds, the leader determined to start out again on his explorations, this time keeping his eyes open for a way through to China. The Indians about him agreed to be his guides, provided he would take their part against a powerful tribe known as the Iroquois, or Mohawks, which lived in Central New York. Little did he think of the consequences that were to follow his alliance in war with the Indians. Would he have entered into the agreement if he had been able to look down the pages of history and see the pictures of massacres and bloody fights that were to follow in time in the struggles between the French and Indians on one side, and the English pioneers on the other? Let us hope that he would not.

Imagine the company that started on the new expedition. Bands of reckless Indians, armed with war-clubs of stone, with hatchets and stone-pointed lances, their faces hideous with war-paint,

rending the air with the yell, and the war-whoop, and waking the echoes with the roll of their primitive drums. In addition, there are eleven Frenchmen (armed with short matchlocks, which their companions expect will spread dismay among the enemies), who trust themselves among the blood-thirsty and unknown warriors of the woods. It is a curious party. Slowly they advance in their boats up the St. Lawrence, until they arrive at the mouth of the Richelieu River. They follow that stream until they hear the hoarse roar of a waterfall, though their guides, to lead them onward, had assured them of an uninterrupted passage with their boats. Most of the Indians had already turned their backs on the expedition, and now eight of the Frenchmen return to Quebec, leaving our hero with but two of his countrymen, to go on with the wild men of the forest!

The advance was tedious. At one time there was a halt to hunt and fish and rest in ease. At another, it was necessary to consult the "medicine man," who pitching his repulsive lodge in the woods, mumbled an invocation to the spirits,

allowed himself to be seized with convulsions as he exercised his savage divination, and, as our hero thought, received the messages of the Devil.

Falls and rapids and every other obstacle to progress were at last passed in safety, and one July day the party passed into a broad expanse of water. It was a lake, but it spread out before them like a sea. Forests of great trees fringed the shores. Islands of loveliness dotted the wide expanse of waters, and our hero felt that his toils had won their recompense. He said: "Here is the spot on which I will stamp my name!" And from that day to this the beautiful and placid lake has been called after him — Lake Champlain — for the discoverer whose name I have not mentioned until now, was none other than Samuel de Champlain. Ardent adventurer in distant portions of our continent, discoverer and founder, he had given his name to no portion of the territory that he had explored until now; and now he stamps it so firmly upon the water that time and changes have not been sufficient to wipe it out. France and England have fought on the bosom of that

lake, and struggled for its possession, but never has any one thought of taking from its discoverer the name he gave it. Bloody battles have marked its shores, ships have hurtled at each other there, and cannon have roared on its placid surface. Men have sought its woods and islands for pleasure and for fame, but the name first stamped on it has endured !

How changed since he whose name thy waters bear,
The silent hills between,
Led by his swarthy guides to conflict there,
Entranced beheld the scene !

On Adirondack's lake-encircled crest,
Old war-paths mark the soil,
Where idly bivouacs the summer guest,
And peaceful miners toil.

Where lurked the wigwam, cultured households throng,
Where rung the panther's yell,
I heard the low of kine, a blithesome song,
Or chime of village bell.

The battle that was expected by the Indians
came at last, but the two Frenchmen, by firing

their rude guns, sent such alarm into the breasts of the enemy that they incontinently fled, and the power of civilization was asserted in the woods, though, alas! it was shown by the butchery of war.

Our story ends with the naming of the lake, but the hero of the first battle there lived long afterwards. He returned to France, married a young wife, came back to his wild domain, ruled, explored, fought, and finally died on Christmas Day, in the year 1635. Mr. Parkman tells us that "His books mark the man, . . . all for his purpose, nothing for himself." He sought truth, fact, and he won fame.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HERMIT OF SHAWMUT.

A GREAT poet has told us that to be truly alone one must roam the streets of a great city, "midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men," where there are "none to bless us, none whom we can bless," where every one is intent upon his own affairs, and not a soul can stop a moment to think of the solitary just at his side. He says also, on the other hand :

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude.

There lies before me a great city. It clusters

about the foot of certain hills, and its greatest edifice crowns the summit of the tallest of them, throwing back the warm rays of the western sun from the rounded outline of its golden dome. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of men throng the streets. Can it be that one among all these feels more lonely than the first man who built his little cabin on the spot when all was wild and nature reigned over the hill and the shores of the sea that washed them ?

What an interest surrounds the first man to do anything, or to establish himself at any particular point ! How we search records to find out who has been before us, and how triumphant are we when we make a discovery ! Could we now give the name of the man who, first of all, lived on the site where London stands, with what sentiments of reverence would we not gaze upon the record of his life !

We are fortunate enough to know the name of the first man who lighted a fire on a hearthstone in the city I am thinking of. When the smoke rose from his chimney, it was seen by none but In-

dians and the wild beasts of the surrounding forest.

It is not often that a single man settles alone away from his fellow men and builds himself a home for meditation as this man did. There is generally some romantic reason for his act, if he does so; and, in our case, we shall find ourselves wondering why a man like this one should have made himself an exception to the general rules of human action. He is introduced to us as sitting alone upon the summit of Shawmut, the site upon which Boston was built. It was Beacon Hill from which his eyes gazed across the harbor to the broad Atlantic, over which he had come from his native England. Was he longing to return? I am sure that he did not entertain any feeling of that sort. He rather said to himself :

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea and music of its roar :
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

What caused this man, William Blaxton by name, to leave his native England, and seek a home alone on the slope of Beacon Hill? He seems to have arrived some four years after the Pilgrims had established themselves at Plymouth. He was about twenty-five years of age, a graduate of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and a clergyman of the Established Church. Had some disappointment caused him to leave his home — to exchange its comforts for the privations of the wilderness? Did he come for the purpose of quiet contemplation and study? Perhaps both reasons influenced him. He had with him a library of some value. It contained English books in folio, Latin books in folio, in large quarto and in small quarto, and some manuscript volumes, which would be of the greatest interest to us if they had not been burned by the Indians.

How many years Blaxton lived without neighbors I cannot tell; but I know that in 1629 he had one named Walford, living in a palisadoed house on the spot where Charlestown now stands; and that a little later Samuel Maverick was to be

found at Noddle's Island, now East Boston; and even earlier than that there had been an Englishman at Mount Wollaston, which he had called Merrymount.

The settler at the last-mentioned place had surrounded himself with companions. He did not come to America to get away from society, but rather to be free to behave himself as he pleased. He was a gay and, perhaps, graceless fellow, and his gayeties at last aroused the antagonism of the settlers about him, who sent the valiant Pilgrim, Miles Standish, with soldiers to force him to live more soberly. He had raised a Maypole at Merrymount, and with his companions he danced around it in a way that was not in accord with the views of the stricter settlers. at Plymouth and Charlestown, who did not dance at all, and were a constant protest against the vanities and the license that they had come over seas to get away from. Those were stirring times in England at the epoch that we are considering. There was a war with France, and King Charles the First was in dispute with his Parliament. Oliver Cromwell.



DISTRIBUTING THE "YELLOW SWEETINGS."




was coming into notice — the man who was to direct the overthrow of the King, and his execution.

In the midst of the excitement, oppression and feeling of insecurity at home, there was a growing interest in new settlements in America, and at the same time that the King determined to rule without the help of Parliament, he gave to a certain body of men a charter to settle and govern a territory of Massachusetts Bay. The historian Bancroft says that the Puritans felt that they had "a summons from heaven inviting them to America," and they prepared to go there accordingly. A number had sailed in 1628, but the great movement began the next year. It was at the end of August that a dozen men of large fortunes and liberal culture met at Cambridge, England, and determined on certain conditions to go to the new country. The principal of these was John Winthrop, who afterwards became the governor of the Colony, and directed its early history so wisely that it became strong and influential.

We have learned that on other occasions when expeditions were about to sail out into the broad

sea there was much popular interest in the matter. The same was true now.

There were few persons of importance, as the world counts importance, among those who had left home to settle in America. The "Pilgrims," who went to Plymouth in 1620, made little stir by their going, for they did not sail directly from England. They had been away already some years in Holland, and besides, they had not the social importance of the persons who now proposed to go. John Winthrop himself was born of a good family, and had been carefully educated. He saw the light first just after Mary, Queen of Scots, had been executed and just before the Spanish Armada was dispersed. These two events bring to our mind something of the state of affairs in those days. When but a young man, he was a justice of the peace, and at later period he held other public offices; but he gave them up, perhaps because he did not sympathize with the ruling powers in those troublous times. After the meeting at Cambridge, he occupied himself almost exclusively with preparations for the voyage. The



character of the emigrants, as well as the condition of affairs called much attention to the movement, and England was stirred from one end to the other with discussions of it.

Finally, all was ready, and eleven ships sailed, carrying some seven hundred persons. Long and dreary was the voyage, and it was sixty days before the shores of Mount Desert were seen. It took them almost as long to cross the ocean as it had taken Columbus, one hundred and forty-eight years before. Two days after they had sighted Mount Desert, they anchored off Salem, where some of the previous emigrants had established themselves, but the place did not please Winthrop, and he sailed on, entering Boston Harbor the next week. Then he decided to bring his companions to Charlestown.

It is not my intention to tell you all about Governor Winthrop, for I must return to Mr. Blaxton. He probably saw the ships sail into the harbor that he thought would not soon be invaded by Englishmen, and perhaps he was dismayed to think that his seclusion was to be broken in upon.

However, he seems to have been a good Christian, and he did not bear any ill-will towards the newcomers. How could he object to their coming to the New World that he had taken the liberty of entering himself?

We are at liberty to suppose that Mr. Blaxton took an early opportunity of calling upon Governor Winthrop, and that he asked him to come over to see him in return. It was not long before his charity was shown more emphatically, for severe sickness broke out among the people of Charlestown, which was attributed to poor water. Mr. Blaxton then invited them to come over to Shawmut, where he had good springs and well-drained lands. It was not long before the company of Winthrop laid claim to the territory on which Mr. Blaxton was living, because it was included in the grant from the King. The right of the King was based on the fact that the early discoverers were Englishmen, though they had not settled the place. Mr. Blaxton replied to these claims in the old-fashioned language of his time, "The King asserteth sovereignty over this New England,

because John and Sebastian Cabot sailed along the coast, without even landing at any place; and if the quality of sovereignty can subsist upon the substratum of mere inspection, surely the quality of property can subsist upon that of actual occupancy, which is the foundation of my claim."

The justice of Mr. Blaxton's claim was so far acknowledged that he was confirmed in his title to fifty acres about his house, which stood not far from the east side of the Common and Public Garden. The feeling of good-fellowship did not grow, however, between the newcomers and the original settler at Shawmut, and the next year, 1634, he was bought off, each householder paying him the sum of six shillings. For this he gave up about one fourteenth part of the peninsula, and saying, "I came from England because I did not like the Lord-Bishops, but I cannot join with you, because I will not be under the Lord-Brethren," he a second time turned his face away from the habitations of men.

When Mr. Blaxton determined to leave Shawmut, it must have been a grave question whither


he should go. On what principle he decided it, I cannot say, but this I know, that he went towards Rhode Island, which was soon to become the home of Roger Williams, the refugee from the power of laws that interfered with his freedom of religious practice. "It was the spring-time of the year," when, investing twelve pounds of the money given him for his farm, in cattle, and gathering together those treasured books which had given him so much comfort in the wilderness, he started through the fragrant woods, meditating, probably, like another Valentine:

How use doth breed a habit in a man.
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.

Following the Indian paths to the southwest, he found himself on the banks of a river which presented a pleasant site for his future home, and there he built a cottage, calling it "Study Hall." It stood at the foot of a hill, which rose behind the house by three natural terraces. On the second of

these he dug a well, and the third formed a place for retirement and study. At the north of the house he planted a garden and at the south he began an orchard, for he raised the first apples in Rhode Island, as, indeed, he was the first settler of the State. The river that flowed before his door has ever since borne his name, though it is spelled Blackstone.

Even a recluse can grow lonely, it seems, for we find that in 1659, Mr. Blaxton went to Boston and was married by Governor Endicott to a lady in whose eyes he had found favor. They lived together for fourteen years, when the lady died. Mr. Blaxton followed her two years later. During his life in Rhode Island, he had been accustomed to preach as occasion offered, and it is said that in the absence of a horse, he had trained one of his bulls—a white one, some tell us—so that it would serve instead, and that in this guise the strange recluse was wont to make his appearance in the new town of Providence, carrying a home-made bag containing apples—which he distributed among the young people whom he wished to



encourage to listen to his sermon that was to follow. They were, it is said, the "yellow sweetings," considered by some the most delicious of their kind.

It would be pleasant to follow the old hermit through his day, to see him looking after his cows and cultivating his orchard and training his flowers.

We should go with him to the woods or watch the Indians come to him, as he bartered his fruits and flowers for furs and such other articles as he wanted. We should like to climb with him the terrace that led to his place of study, and sit with him as he pored over the great folios that he so much prized. Alas, history gives none of the details that will enable us to do this, and we must content ourselves with imagining his daily life. His seems to have been in the main happy and tranquil. He was in advance of his age in his admiration of toleration, and he suffered exile for it, but his resources were sufficient to give him a recompense for his sufferings. I can readily imagine him saying with the old Duke :

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

CHAPTER VII.


A NEW FRANCE.

ON the strait connecting Lake Superior with the lower waters of the great American system of inland seas, there is a small town lying in the territory of the present State of Michigan that possesses considerable interest, not because it has great buildings, grand scenery, or remarkable institutions, but on account of certain transactions that marked its history nearly two centuries and a half ago. On an autumn day, in the year 1641, a birch-bark canoe containing two Frenchmen and several Indians began a voyage to the westward through Lake Nipissing and the French River into the northern part of Georgian Bay. Thence it took a course among the beautiful islands in the upper part of Lake Huron and entered the long and devious strait that connects that body of

water with Lake Superior. It stopped at a place where the broad stream passes over a fall, and when it touched the shore the passengers were cordially greeted by a company of two thousand Indians.

The Frenchmen were Jesuits, and they were inspired with religious zeal in thus travelling day after day in the frail boat; in thus venturing to distant regions among men whose very names sounded savage and whose ferocity was so great as to spread terror among all who made them their enemies. The Jesuits preached to their new friends the religion of the One God, which the Indians had never before heard; and as they were told of the still more terrible Sioux, living eighteen days' journey to the westward, beyond the Great Lake, they longed to go thither also to preach. Doubtless, they dimly saw in their imagination the future of our great West, and in some sort could make their own the words of the poet:

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.



No such good fortune as they hoped awaited the two missionaries, however. One of them soon wasted away with disease, and the other, taken captive twice by other Indians, was finally killed by them. Years passed on, and, at last, after thirty revolutions of the earth in its orbit, other minds were so far filled with the same sentiments of ambition for France and of longings to see vast accessions gathered into the Church, that they made another effort to extend the sway of the great Louis the Fourteenth over the Northwest.

The Jesuit missionaries had been all this time patiently going from place to place among the different tribes. Some of them had lost their lives, and all had suffered untold hardships, for the woods furnished few of the comforts to which they had been accustomed. One of these men had actually passed up through the strait that we have mentioned before, into Lake Superior; had sailed in his frail boat by the Pictured Rocks; had searched for the copper that he had been told could be found on the shore of the sacred lake; (copper that he did not find, but which has since

been discovered and now furnishes a foundation to many American fortunes); he had crossed its waters to the site of distant Duluth, and had actually seen the savage Sioux of which others had only heard. He had heard too, of a great river that he understood to be the "Messipi." For two lonely years he had continued his explorations, living for most of the time on the southern shores of the Lake, and when he returned to Quebec it was with the determination to make real the visions of a permanent mission that his forerunners had seen only as a beautiful possibility. It was in the year 1668, that in company with another priest, he actually established the mission of St. Mary, the oldest settlement within the limits of the present State of Michigan.

Meantime, interest in the Great West had wonderfully extended, and in far-away France the King and his Cabinet were discussing the opportunity presented to them for national aggrandizement. In 1661, Colbert became the Minister who directed the policy of that country, and he re-organized the colonial affairs, giving to Canada a feudal

system, and inspiring the Intendant (the chief officer of the Crown at Quebec), with a determination to extend the boundaries of New France until they should stretch from the Atlantic to the South Sea, as the Pacific Ocean was then called, and from the lakes, through all the windings of the great rivers, to the Gulf of Mexico. The scheme was a vast one, but Colbert and the King on the other side of the sea, accustomed to measure kingdoms and realms according to European standards of size, comprehended little of its magnificence. The Intendant, who represented the royal power in Canada, Jean Talon by name, knew more fully what it meant; but it was the Jesuit missionaries who had actually travelled through portions of the region, who best realized its grandeur, as well as the dangers and difficulties it involved.

Let us now see how Talon went to work to carry out the plans made in Paris by Louis the Fourteenth and his minister, Colbert. His chief work seems to have been to select the proper person to lead the expedition that he proposed to send out, and this he did with more promptness than

one would suppose possible at the time. Almost as soon as he arrived at Quebec, he ordered one Daumont de St. Luson to search for copper mines on the shores of Lake Superior and to call together representatives of as many tribes as possible at Sault St. Mary, the falls of which we have spoken before. Monsieur Talon was of an economical turn, notwithstanding the great wealth of France and of its master Louis, and perhaps in this he shows the influence of Colbert, whose time was then pretty busily occupied in economizing the income of the government, which, under his predecessor, Fouquet, had been lavished upon numerous subordinate officers. He showed his skill in this direction, when he wrote to the King the next year that this expedition would cost nothing to the government, because St. Luson had received enough furs from the Indians to pay all expenses.

St. Luson showed his fitness for the direction of the important affair by selecting as his executive officer Nicholas Perrot, one of the most conspicuous of all the early Canadian voyageurs, who could act as interpreter, for he spoke Algonquin

fluently and had enjoyed a long and intimate acquaintance with the different tribes of Indians. He was a young man of twenty-six years, and had gained a strong influence over the dusky denizens of the woods. He entered upon his work with zeal, and sent messages to the tribes at the north and to those at the west to meet the representative of the Intendant at the appointed place in the spring of 1671. Everywhere welcome, Perrot succeeded in prevailing upon some fourteen tribes to appear by their representatives. Among these were the Sacs and Foxes and Winnebagoes, the Menomonies and Miamis, the Crows, and Nipisings, and I know not what other outlandish tribes. As I write their names, I am reminded of Mr. Longfellow's list of those who came to smoke the peace pipe in a prairie of Dacotah. You will find it in Hiawatha :

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,

Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie.

Thus are we to imagine the tribes coming together at the Sault St. Mary from their winter hunting-grounds; some, probably, to fish in the rapids, and others to see the great man of whom Perrot had told them. From hundreds of miles distant they came; overland with their squaws and their papposes, or down the streams in their light and graceful canoes of birch-bark. It was after the spring sun had loosed the icy bands of the waters and the green grass gave promise of the genial summer that was to come. They were met by St. Luson and fifteen companions, among whom was a young man from Quebec, son of a wagon-maker, but educated in the learning of the Jesuits, of whom history will tell us more, Louis Joliet, and there were other Europeans, too, most of whom were Jesuits.

For several weeks the tribes continued to gather, and probably those who arrived engaged in the usual sports and in fishing. One fine day in June, however, all these gave way to a ceremony that impressed the Indians, and had historic importance.

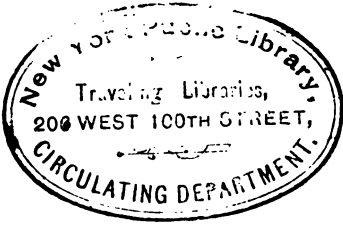
In the morning, St Lusson led his followers, fully armed and equipped, to the top of a hill near the fort of the Jesuits and overlooking the village of the Sauteurs. They were accompanied by the priests dressed in their finest official vestments. As they looked about, they saw the wondering Indians standing, crouching or stretched upon the ground in the attitude of expectancy.

In silence, Dablon, the Superior of the Missions of the Lakes, stepped forward and pronounced a blessing upon a cross that had been prepared and at the moment lay prone in the midst of the scene. Then it was reared and planted in the ground, while the followers of St. Lusson uncovered their heads and burst out in song, saying in Latin,

*Vexilla Regis prodeunt ;
Fulget crucis mysterium,*



THE BLESSING OF THE CROSS.



singing an old hymn that has been translated :

The royal banners forward go :
The cross shines forth with mystic glow :
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

There whilst he hung, his sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the nation's King should be,
For God is reigning from the tree.

O tree of glory, tree most fair !
Ordained those holy limbs to bear ;
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood !

Upon its arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung :
The ransom he alone could pay,
Despoiling Satan of his prey.

With fragrance dropping from each bough,
Sweeter than sweetest nectar thou ;

Decked with fruit of peace and praise,
And glorious with triumphal lays.

Hail, altar! hail, O Victim! thee
Decks now thy passions' victory :
Where life for sinners death endured
And life, by death, for man procured.

To thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done :
As by the cross thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

When the hymn had been sung, a cedar post was planted beside the cross, on which there was a plate of metal engraven with the arms of France, while the Frenchmen sang, still in Latin, "*Exaudi te Dominus in die tribulationis : protegit te nomen Dei Jacob!*" If you will turn to the twentieth Psalm, you can read in English what they sang, and you will see that it was a prayer to God for help and care, very appropriate for good people who trust in him. Listen to a few words of it :

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee. . . . We will rejoice in

thy salvation, and triumph in the name of the Lord our God.
. . . Save Lord ; and hear us, O King of Heaven, when
we call upon thee !

This done, one of the priests stepped forth and uttered a prayer for the King. Then St. Lusson himself drew his sword, turned up a sod, and said in a loud voice (not in English, of course)

In the name of the most High, Mighty and Redoubted Monarch, Louis, Fourteenth of that name, Most Christian King of France and of Navarre, I take possession of this place, Sainte Marie du Saut, as also of Lakes Huron and Superior, the Island of Manatoulin, and all countries, rivers, lakes and streams contiguous and adjacent thereunto : both those which have been discovered and those which may be discovered hereafter, in all their length and breadth, bounded on the one side by the seas of the North and of the West, and on the other by the South Sea : declaring to the nations thereof that from this time forth they are vassals of his Majesty, bound to obey his laws and follow his customs ; promising them on his part all succor and protection against the incursions and invasions of their enemies : declaring to all other potentates, princes, sovereigns, states and republics — to them and to their subjects — that they cannot and are not to seize or settle upon any parts of the aforesaid countries, save only under the good pleasure of His Most Christian

Majesty, and of him who will govern in his behalf; and this on pain of incurring his resentment and the efforts of his arms. *Vive le Roi!*

As soon as the last words passed from the speaker's mouth, there arose such a din as had seldom been heard at the Sault. The followers of St. Lussou fired their guns shouting at the top of their lungs, "*Vive le Roi!*" which meant the same as "God save the King!" and the untutored savages uttered those strange sounds so familiar to all who have seen specimens of the Indian tribes, which can be only described as a combination of grunts, snorts and yelps. This wild din closed the ceremonies of taking possession of the vast country; but it was thought that one more effort should be made to impress the Indians with the power and greatness of the nation that had come to take their land. This was made by that Jesuit missionary who had, as I have said, journeyed through the great Lake and heard of the river "Messipi."

I suppose that he took a commanding position on the hill where the cross and the French arms

were raised and began a sermon to the motley audience. He pointed to the cross and explained what it meant — told them the story of Christ. Then he called their attention to the cedar post bearing the Bourbon lilies, and launched out into a long eulogy of France and its great king. He said that Louis the Fourteenth was the greatest chief on the face of the earth, that the most powerful chiefs in their regions were like the little herbs that one tramples under foot, compared with the spreading oak above them. Then he spoke of the governor of Canada, and expatiated upon his power, and declared that across the sea there were ten thousand like him, who were all warriors for the King of France, and marched forth at his bidding. He dilated upon the terror of his cannons, the vast number of his troops, the great ships that they sail over seas in, the prisoners he takes in war and the streams of blood that follow his triumphant progress. He added, "But what shall I say of his riches? You think yourselves rich when you have ten or twelve sacks of corn, a few hatchets, beads, kettles and other

things of that sort. He has cities of his own more than there are of men in all this country for five hundred leagues around. In each city there are storehouses where there are hatchets enough to cut down all your forests, kettles enough to cook all your moose, and beads enough to fill all your lodges. His house is longer than from here to the top of the Sault [that was more than half a mile] and higher than your tallest trees; and it holds more families than the largest of your towns." Thus the good Father ran on in his well-meant effort to impress the Indians with the greatness of the French, the futility of resisting them, and the desirability of falling into their habits and especially into their ways of worship.

Thus was the Northwest taken possession of by France. The gathered whites and Indians dispersed—the former meditating vaster plans of ambition, and the latter impressed with the power of the new-comers. The Indians took the precaution, however, to tear down the Bourbon lilies from the cedar post, lest the royal arms might prove a dangerous charm against them.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TYRANT IN THE DARK.

AN interesting company might have been seen starting out from the town of Boston, one day towards the end of October, in the year 1687. A good opportunity to observe them was afforded as they passed over the "Neck," which at the time was but a narrow strip of land not more than a few yards in width—on their way westward.

The company is partly military and partly composed of civilians. The centre of attraction, as well as of authority, seems to be a man dressed with more elegance than the rest, who appears somewhat haughty in his bearing. There are evidences that he represents, in some way, royal authority. His escort numbers upwards of sixty persons, partly mounted on horseback, a portion of whom

are grenadiers, who march proudly along the not very well-made roadway.

Where are these men going? If we follow them, we shall find that after travelling several days they reach the Connecticut river at a point near Wethersfield, and that there, after crossing the ferry, they are met by a troupe of cavalry that escorts them to the town of Hartford. The journey that we can take any morning in a few hours, took these travellers, notwithstanding their appearance of importance and authority, several tedious days. It must have been a mission of no little moment upon which so many persons were bent. We shall have to look over the history of New England a little to learn what it was.

We know already that some of the Pathfinders who began the settlement of America were ruled by France and Spain. The kings of those countries sent out persons to govern the new colonies. This was not the case, however, at Plymouth, to which the "Pilgrim Fathers," as they were called, came in 1620. They organized a government of their own, and it was the first true

democracy that we know of on the continent. The case was different still in Massachusetts, to which John Winthrop came in 1630, bringing a charter from the king (who was Charles the First, you know), giving the people the right to form a government and to make laws. No one seems to understand why Charles the First made so liberal a grant—as it was given at the time that he was determined to rule at home more arbitrarily than usual—unless it was because he thought that if he could lead those who were likely to interfere with his plans to go across the ocean, there would be fewer obstacles to his despotism. Certain it is that a few years later, he repented of what he had done, when he saw that some of his best citizens were sailing for New England and the colony had become strong and promised to be rich.

We have to read the history of England, and sometimes of other parts of Europe, in connection with that of our own country, if we would understand either, and this is an instance of the necessity of understanding the movement of affairs


in England. We must know how the king had succeeded in getting all England under his feet. How there was a Star Chamber court to register his arbitrary decrees; how Laud, whom history has execrated, had become the cruel head of the Church, and the efficient supporter of Charles in all his despotism. The story is interesting, if it is distressing. It is the story of the coming on of the strife that resulted in the execution of the king, and the setting of Oliver Cromwell at the head of the government, in whom the Puritans, whom the settlers in New England represented, came to power, and it is not difficult to understand why King Charles wished to stretch his strong arm over New England, when we see how affairs were going at home.

The king and archbishop Laud found themselves too much occupied, however, to carry on a controversy in America, and the charter was not taken away from the people of Massachusetts, though it was in danger for several years. What called off the attention of the king and his helpers from Massachusetts, do you ask? Go with me to the

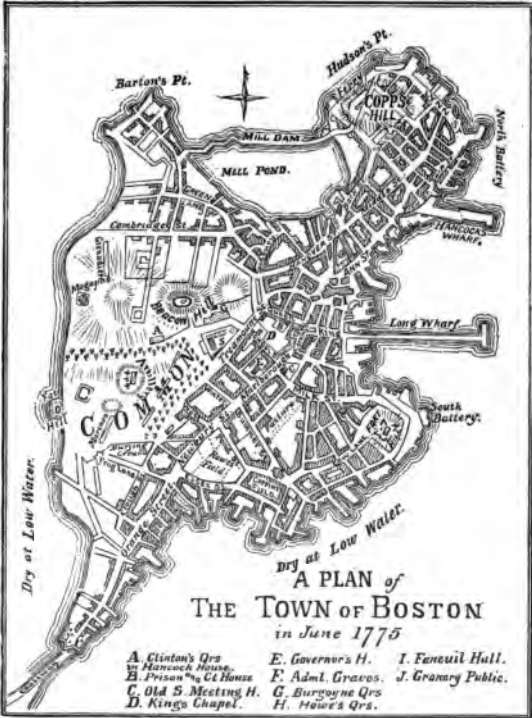
venerable city of Edinburgh, the stronghold of the Presbyterians, and you can see. It is a July afternoon. The people are called to church. They are accustomed to go and sit still, listening to a sound sermon, only moving when there is a hymn to be sung or a prayer to be offered. The service to which they are accustomed was the same that we see in our Congregational and Baptist churches here now, with but little difference.

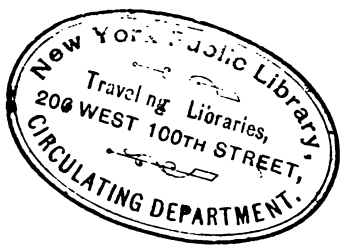
King Charles the First did not like the simplicity of such a service, and long and strenuously he labored to get the Scotchmen to allow a liturgy to be used — that is to have a service similar to that which you can now see in the Episcopal churches. You know that the people of Scotland are said to be “set in their ways.” They like to go on in the good ways of their fathers, and cannot be turned from them easily. This was one of the traits in their character that King Charles discovered.

As the visitor in Edinburgh walks down the street called High, he is attracted by the figure of a cross formed by the stones of the pavement, and is told that it marks the spot on which stood



the "Heart of Midlothian," as the ancient Tolbooth was called, and just by it rises the massive tower of St. Giles' cathedral in which the exercises we are to speak of occurred. The hour has arrived for the beginning of the service in which the new liturgy devised by Laud is to be used. The great church is filled with a crowd of angry men and women. The occasion is rendered notable by the attendance of two archbishops, by the chancellor, the magistrates of the city and other officials clad in their robes of authority. The dean begins the detested service, and as his mouth opens to pronounce the words intended to lead the minds of those present to think on holy things, there arise loud cries of "Antichrist!" "Down with the Pope!" "We will none of the mass!" and a woman with daring throws the stool on which she had been sitting at the head of the dean or the bishop. The signal thus given is followed by showers of cudgels and stones. The persistent ministers do not retreat, but the bishop who tries to preach, is not heard for the clamor, and the magistrates are unable to restore quiet.





The crowd outside shout too, and break in the windows, and when the prelates leave the building, it is at the risk of their lives. Such was the spirit of some of the people at home against whom King Charles had to struggle. Was it strange that he did not find it convenient to add to his burdens an active campaign against the colonists of Massachusetts?

Time passed on, and at last Charles the Second came to the throne. He was not slow in beginning an inquiry into the condition of affairs in Massachusetts, nor in determining to restrict the independent spirit of the colonists. He confirmed the charter it is true in 1662, two years after his accession, but he did it in a way that made him very offensive to the people. He demanded, among other things, that those who wished, might worship after the manner of the English Church, with the liturgy, which was not very different from that which had so much stirred up the people of Edinburgh. This was very distasteful, and a struggle began that lasted a quarter of a century. It is not my purpose to follow it in all its intricacies.

cies. The people of Massachusetts were firm. At the beginning of the struggle, they said, "Let our government live; our patent live; our religious enjoyments live; so shall we all yet have farther cause to say from our hearts, Let the King live forever!" At the end of 1683, their deputies said "Better suffer than sin!" and determined still to hold out.

Finally, the king triumphed and a governor was sent out to take up the work of crushing the proud spirit of the people of Massachusetts and Connecticut. In the meantime, however, King Charles the Second had succumbed to king Death, and it was his brother, James the Second, who took up the unpleasant task. The new king was proclaimed in Boston in May, 1685, with great pomp. The governor, and other officials marched through the streets on horseback accompanied by cavalry and infantry, and thousands of citizens, with drums and trumpets added to the loud huzzas of the populace, and there was firing of the guns of all the soldiery as well as of ordnance. A temporary government was established, and one Sunday just before Christ-

mas, 1686, Sir Edmund Andros arrived with a commission as governor of all New England, the boundaries of which were afterwards so enlarged as to include the present limits of the State of New York. By this movement the struggle that had lasted a quarter of a century resulted in the defeat of the people. Sir Edmund Andros was the tyrant who got into the dark, and I shall show you that he got into a worse trouble before he was able to return to England.

You will read in history that the king issued a "*quo warranto*," before he took away the charter of Massachusetts; that is, he asked by what warrant the charter was held. When he was told that it was granted by the king his father, he was able to reply, "What the king has granted he has power to take away." The king claimed that he was sole authority over the portions of America settled by the English, because it was an Englishman, the navigator Cabot, who discovered the region. After the charter was given up, Andros claimed that all title to the land had returned to the king, so that no man had a right to any home-

stead or other property of the kind without getting it anew of the king, or of him, as the king's representative. This gave him an opportunity to draw large sums of money from the citizens for estates that they had already paid for, and it was this and other like oppression that caused them to call Andros a tyrant, and to feel hatred for him.

After he had fairly inaugurated his government in Boston, Andros determined to go to Connecticut and force the people there to give up their charter, for he had failed to induce them to do it by sending messengers and letters to them. It was after coming to this determination that he sat out on the journey referred to at the beginning of this paper. The governor and assistants of Connecticut "greeted and caressed" him at Hartford, and in the evening met to have some discussion regarding the object of the expedition.

It is often difficult to learn the real truth about a transaction that involved its perpetrators in danger, and it is not easy to find out exactly what occurred at this meeting, but tradition tells us that there were many present at the conference, and

that the charter was laid upon the table while the discussion went on. The room may have been brilliantly lighted, but it was by means of candles, and of a sudden they all went out! Then the tyrant was in the dark! It was no easy matter to light a candle in those days. There were no matches, and one was obliged to go to a fire for a coal, or to strike a light with a flint, which might miss fire time and again. Probably a light was found without much delay at this important juncture, but when the company was able to look about the room again, lo, the charter was missing! No one seemed to know where it had gone, but it was said afterwards that one of the company had taken it and hidden it in a hollow oak hard by. Certain it is that this man was rewarded long afterwards for having done a deed of faithful service at a time when the "constitution was struck at," and the tree was ever after called the Charter Oak.

It seems to have made but little difference to Sir Edmund that the charter was gone. He proceeded to take possession of Connecticut, and it was duly written in the records that by direction of

James the Second, His Excellency Sir Edmund Andros took the government into his hands, which was annexed to Massachusetts and other colonies, and the word "Finis" was written after the entry, to indicate that Connecticut had come to an end as a separate State. The historian of New England says that then it was all "consolidated under one despotism."

I imagine the governor returning to Boston with a face beaming with satisfaction as he thought that he had successfully accomplished the dirty work that his mean master had set him to do; but if he felt satisfaction, it was not to remain with him long, for as I have told you, his getting into the dark was not the worst of his troubles. He went on in his high-handed proceedings, and the feelings of the people grew more and more intense against him as he did so. In the meantime, Englishmen at home were growing discontented with the king himself, and finally he thought it best to run away. On the eleventh of December, 1688, he stole out of his palace secretly, crossed the Thames in a small boat, threw the great seal of the kingdom into the

muddy river and hurried off. King James did this because his people aggravated beyond endurance, had called William, Prince of Orange, and his wife, Mary, daughter of James, to come and rule over them, and the Prince had actually arrived in November.

It was the fourth of April of the next year before the people of Boston had any news of what was going on at home. Then a ship came into their harbor bringing a young man who had a copy of the proclamation issued by the Prince of Orange. Andros heard of it, and did not wish the people to know it. He sent a messenger to bring the young man to his house. He refused to go, and was for his boldness marched off to prison. This excited the people, and Andros found it safer to get himself to the fort, where he thought he could escape to the British ship *Rose* that was lying in the harbor. Two weeks later, came election day, and State street (then called King street), was crowded with excited men. By coming together and talking over their troubles they became more excited, until at last they planted troops before the Fort, called

upon Andros to surrender, and forced him to give up. He tried to escape in the clothes of a woman, but he was caught and marched back to prison. Then he had time to meditate on the things he had done for his master. Two weeks more passed, and a vessel brought the glad news that William of Orange was actually king of England instead of James. Then the good people of Boston sat down to a fine dinner in the Town House, and did not rise from the table until the watchman had tolled the hour of nine, when all honest Bostonians were expected to be at their homes. Thus the tyrant Andros went from oppression into the dark, and from dark to prison, and the people of New England fluctuated from one degree of exasperation to another and then experienced a rebound as they forgot their pains in the festal gathering.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOST EXILES OF TEXAS.

IF we could have stood upon the shores of Matagorda Bay, with the Indians on a certain day one hundred and ninety-nine years ago we might have been witness to a strange sight. Before us would have been spread out the waters of a broad and sheltered harbor opening towards the sea through a narrow passage which was obstructed by sand-bars and an island. One's eyes could not reach to the end of the bay, which is fifty miles long; nor could they see land beyond the sea-passage, for that opens into the broad Gulf of Mexico. Let us take our stand on the shore and see what we can see.

There appear to us, as if by magic, the forms of two French gentlemen accompanied by a small party of soldiers, who come from the mouth of the bay, and carefully thread their way along the

shore. It is a strange company of men. The leader is a native of Rouen, and he says that few of his companions are fit for anything but eating. He thought that his band comprised creatures of all sorts, like Noah's ark, but unlike the collection of the great patriarch, they seemed to be few of them worth saving.

As we look, the men begin to gather together the pieces of drift-wood that the peaceful waves throw up on to the shore. They are evidently planning to make a raft; but, as one of them casts his lazy eyes in the direction in which ours were at first thrown, he exclaims with evident joy, in his native French, "*Voila les vaisseaux !*" or words to that effect, for he has descried two ships entering the bay from the Gulf. The ships slowly keep their way towards the inland coast, and from one of them there lands a man evidently higher in authority than any we have seen. His air is calm, dignified, forceful, persistent. He announces to those about him that they are at one of the mouths of the great Mississippi, or, as he well calls it "*La rivière funeste,*" the fatal river. "Here shall we

land all our men," he adds, "and here shall our vessels be placed in safe harbor."

In vain does the commander of one of the little ships protest that the water of the bay is too shallow and that the currents are too powerful; the strong man has given his order, and it must be obeyed. The channel was duly marked out, and on the twentieth of February, one of the ships, the *Aimable*, weighed anchor and began to enter the bay. The commander was on the shore, anxiously watching to see the result, when, suddenly, some of his men who had been cutting down a tree to make a canoe, rushed up and exclaimed, with terror in their faces, "The Indians have attacked us and one of our number is even now a captive in their hands." There was nothing to be done but go in pursuit of the savages.

It did not take long to arm a few men, and off they started with their leader in the direction that the Indians had taken. They were overtaken and a parley ensued. The leader's thoughts were now in two places at once, and he was not far enough from the shore not to be able to cast a glance

towards the *Aimable*, and to say to his lieutenant, as he saw the vessel drifting near shoal water, "If she keeps on in that course, she will soon be aground." Still, no time was to be lost. The parley with the Indians did not hinder them long, and soon they were on the way towards the village whither the captive had been taken. Just as they entered its precincts and looked upon its inhabitants, clustered in groups among the dome-shaped huts, the loud boom of a cannon burst upon their ears. The savages were smitten with terror, and the commander felt his heart beat quickly as he looked again towards the water and saw the *Aimable* furling its sails, a sure token to him that she had indeed struck the rock and would be lost, with all the stores intended for use when her passengers should be landed.

Undaunted by the prospect, or even by the dark picture that his imagination conjured up, he pressed onward among the miserable savages, until his man had been recovered. Then he returned, and found his vessel on her side, a forlorn spectacle. Now the wind rose, and the sea beat upon the helpless

hulk. It rocked backwards and forwards on its uneasy bed ; its treasures of boxes and bales and casks were strewn over the waters ; the greedy Indians made haste to seize what they could ; and as night approached the hurriedly organized patrol of soldiers had all that they could do to face the deepening storm and protect their goods from the treacherous natives, as the less treacherous waves cast them upon the sands of the shore.

Who were these men, thus unceremoniously thrust upon the shores of the New World ? How did it happen that they were found at a point that no European had before seen ? Perhaps it is not necessary to ask how they happened to mistake the entrance to Matagorda Bay for one of the broad mouths of the Mississippi. They were Frenchmen. So much their speech has told us. The leader was Robert Cavelier, *Sieur de La Salle*, a man of whom the historian Bancroft says that he had no superior among his countrymen for force of will and vast conceptions ; for various knowledge, and quick adaptation of his genius to untried circumstances ; for sublime magnanimity that re-

signed itself to the will of Heaven and yet triumphed over affliction by energy of purpose and unflinching hope.


In early life he had renounced his inheritance and devoted himself to the service of the Church, but he soon left the order of Jesuits which he had entered, because, as Mr. Parkman surmises, he did not relish being all his life the moved and not the mover; because he could not give up his individuality and remain one of the great body, all of whom were compelled to march in a track pointed out to them by a superior. It is pleasant to know that he left the order with good feelings on both sides.

In 1667, we find the young man already entered upon the career of adventure in which the rest of his life was to be spent. He had sailed to Canada, the place of attraction for ambitious French youth, and there he remained several years, making the familiar acquaintance of the Indians and learning their language, while he was dreaming, like many others, of the passage to China through the rivers that came down from the westward. He had looked, too, in his vivid imag-

ination, over the vast plains of the great West, and had become filled with brilliant visions of an empire that he hoped some day to see established there for France. We have already learned how France took possession of the region, at this very period.

In such state of mind, La Salle sailed back to France in the autumn of 1674. He was well received and the next year returned, ennobled, and more than ever determined to push his grand scheme for the acquisition of the great West. His was no plan to indulge in theatrical spectacles, but to take actual possession. Year after year we see him steadily pursuing his single plan. He thinks nothing of crossing the Atlantic, of pushing his course through the trackless woods, or of paddling his frail canoe over the wild waters of the broad lakes. Indians did not daunt him by their cruelty, nor wild beasts affright him by their numbers and ferocity. Onward, ever onward, he pressed.

In the year 1680, we find him taking possession by actual occupation, of the region now compris-



ing the State of Illinois. It was the first time that civilization had asserted itself there. La Salle built a fort, and, in memory of the trials of the way, called it *Crève-cœur*, which signified Broken-heart; but it did not testify to any broken courage on his part;—rather it was a monument to the obstacles that his persistence had surmounted.

Two years later, we find his canoe, which seems to our eyes now the emblem of an aggressive civilization, flitting along the Illinois River, entering the muddy Mississippi, and floating down its thousand miles to the Gulf. This is not the whole picture, however. We see the party start from the Chicago River, in the cold weather of December. The rivers are frozen. Canoes must be dragged over their snowy and icy surfaces, and baggage can be transported in no way but upon rough sledges. Can you not see the slow procession of fifty persons dragging themselves along day after day through the region inhabited but by savages and wild beasts, suffering from cold and hunger, and all held to their duty by the persevering leader who had brought them there?

There are twenty-three Frenchmen, eighteen Indian braves, belonging to those terrible Abenakis and Mohegans whose "midnight yells had," as Mr. Parkman says, "startled the border hamlets of New England ; who had danced around Puritan scalps, and whom Puritan imaginations painted as incarnate fiends." There were besides, ten squaws and three children. A motley collection and one not calculated to inspire confidence nor hope for the success of any undertaking. It was not until they had passed the point where the river broadens into Lake Peoria that they found water in which they could float their canoes. Then they continued on, until early in February they found themselves on the banks of the Mississippi. It was filled with ice, and no canoe could navigate it.

After a delay of a few days, they found the river free, and again took up their course southwards. A day more brought them to the confluence of the muddy Missouri, which some of my readers have probably seen, where a mighty stream coming down from distant mountains, enters another not so mighty as itself, and plowing its way across its

current, burrows under the soil on the opposite shore. This did not detain the voyagers, though they encamped there over night, and then pursued their course towards the unknown. A few days showed them the mouth of the Ohio, but still they pressed onward. It was near the end of February, the temperature was growing perceptibly warmer as they approached the South.

At a certain point they encamped and sent out their hunters for game. One did not return at night, and a horror seized the others, as they thought that he had been overtaken and killed by hostile Indians. Day after day the woods were scoured in the hope of finding the missing companion, but it seemed vain. A fort was erected for the protection of the party on a high bluff, and named for the lost hunter, Prudhomme. At last some Chickasaw Indians were encountered, and messages of amity were exchanged through them with the people of their village, not far distant. It was not long afterwards that Prudhomme was discovered, half-dead from exposure, for he had lost his way while hunting.

Thus the expedition progressed for many days, until at last the little canoes found themselves thrust out through the turbid channels of the delta, into the clear salt waters of the Gulf of Mexico. They had stopped on the way after leaving Fort Prudhomme, at several Indian towns, had been well treated by the natives, and they had seen the mouths of the Arkansas and the Red rivers. The whole valley of the Fatal River had been laid bare to them, and now La Salle thought that the time had come to take formal possession of it for his sovereign.

Near the mouth of the river, the party came together on the ninth of April, 1682, and a ceremony took place that was very similar to the one of which we have read, at the Sault Sainte Marie, a few days less than eleven years before, by which France had taken possession of the Northwest. It did not rival that in the magnificence with which it was conducted, though the ceremonial was, perhaps, a little more elaborated, but it seemed to have a better basis of fact, for La Salle had actually passed through the heart of the region which he

now claimed. A column was erected, of course, and a tablet of lead was buried near it, such as those that had been placed in the ground at various other places by Frenchmen, bearing testimony to the fact that Louis the Great claimed to be the prince who ruled the land.

It was nearly the end of November of the following year, when La Salle reached Quebec, after having retraced his route by long and tedious stages up the rivers that he had followed down to the Gulf. Then he returned to France to tell the story of his travels, and began to use his influence to induce the government to send out an expedition to take controlling possession of the Mississippi region. He argued with all his powers, saying that by fortifying the river, the French might control the continent. It was really a grand and brilliant proposition, and the King and his minister gave more than was demanded. Four vessels were prepared, instead of the two that La Salle asked for. An expedition was arranged, comprising a hundred soldiers, thirty volunteers, many mechanics and laborers, several families and a few

girls, who looked forward to certain marriage in the new land.

On the twenty-fourth of July, La Salle set sail from Rochelle, with four hundred men in his four vessels, leaving an affectionate and comforting letter as his last farewell to his mother at Rouen. We have already seen how he was thrown upon the shores of the New World. There, on the sands of Matagorda Bay, with nothing to eat but oysters and a sort of porridge made of the flour that had been saved, the homesick party of downcast men and sorrowing women encamped until their leader could tell them what to do. They did not even know where they were. They were intending to conquer the Spaniards, but they knew nothing of their whereabouts. They were attacked by Indians, and finally, some three weeks after the wreck, the commander of the ships sailed away for France leaving La Salle and his forlorn company behind!

A site was soon chosen on the river now called Lavaca (a corruption *La Vache*, the cow, a name given it because buffaloes had been seen there), and a fort was built called St. Louis. La

Salle had scarcely finished this establishment, when he determined to search for the Mississippi river, for he had by that time concluded from explorations, that he had not found it. On the last day of October, he started, and towards the end of March, the party returned, tattered and worn, almost ready to die; but though the strong body of the leader had given away, his stronger spirit was still unbroken, and he soon determined to set out to find the Illinois region, where he left a colony formerly, and where he felt sure he could obtain relief. There was no chance for them to return directly to France since their vessels were all gone, and this seemed their only hope.

A party of twenty was formed to undertake the perilous enterprise, and on the twenty-second of April, 1686, they took their way from the fort, bearing on their persons the contributions that their fellows who were to remain had been able to bring together for their comfort.

The party experienced a variety of hardships, quarrelled among themselves, and finally, on the morning of the eighteenth of March, 1687, one of

them shot and killed the brave leader. The remainder kept on, finally reached Canada and were taken to their native land. To the colonists at Fort St. Louis, no ground of hope ever appeared, though they felt that the people of France must have an interest in them, and so they kept a lookout over the water for a ship coming to their relief. It never came, alas, and no one knows to this day what became of the Lost Exiles of Texas !

CHAPTER X.

THE PATRIARCH OF NORRIDGEWOCK.


THE visitor to the library of Harvard University may see, carefully preserved in the "Art Room," a remarkable relic of one of the Pathfinders. It is a small volume, made of sheets of small letter-paper. On the first page he reads the following fading words, traced by the Pathfinder's own hand in the woods of Maine. "*Il y a un an que je suis parmi les sauvages ; je commence à mettre en orde, en forme de dictionnaire, les mots que j'apprens.*" (I have now been among the savages a year ; I begin to arrange in order, in the style of a dictionary, the words that I learn.)

These two hundred and thirty leaves, dingy and soiled as they are, carry the mind back to the olden times. It was in the year 1691, that the words I have quoted were traced by the Frenchman's hand

under the trees of the wilderness. They tell us of a man of education, for no other would have thought of making a dictionary of the language of the wild Indians. Do they not also speak of a man of patience? Can we imagine the toil necessary for a Frenchman to learn the sounds of a savage language and to trace them out besides the words corresponding to them in his own tongue? They make us ask, "Why was this man of education, this patient and persevering student among the Indians of Maine so long ago?"

History describes the place at which he lived, and tells the story of the patriarch. It is on the banks of the Kennebec river, and is still known as Indian Old Point. Mr. Whittier says:

On the brow of a hill, which slopes to meet
 The flowing river, and bathe at its feet —
 The bare-washed rock, and the drooping grass,
 And the creeping vine, as the waters pass —
 A rude and unshapely chapel stands,
 Built up in that wild by unskilled hands;
 Yet the traveller knows it a place of prayer,
 For the holy sign of the cross is there;




And should he chance at that place to be,
Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,
When prayers are made and masses are said,
Some for the living and some for the dead,
Well might that traveller start to see
The tall dark forms that take their way
From the birch canoe, on the river shore,
And the forest paths, to that chapel door ;
And marvel to mark the naked knees
And the dusky foreheads bending there —
And, stretching his long, thin arms over those
In blessing and in prayer,
Like a shrouded spectre, pale and tall,
In his coarse, white vesture, Father Rale !”

There we have the neat Catholic church in the wilderness ; its congregation of dark-skinned worshippers ; and their beloved teacher, the Jesuit, Sebastian Rale. I think that, perhaps, the poet gives a less attractive picture of the church than he might, for the Father tells us that it would have been considered very respectable, even by persons acquainted with the elegant edifices of Europe.

It was neat, and for adornments had many conveniences that had been contributed by interested

persons at Quebec. Candles, made from the wax of the bayberries that were found in the woods, mixed with tallow, made the little place very brilliant in the eyes of the savages, no less than in those of the Jesuit himself. Forty young Indian converts, clothed in cassocks and adorned with surplices, chanted the processional hymns, and assisted at mass, and, I doubt not there are now in Maine many churches in which there is not so much solemn show as there was in the humble Indian structure at Old Point, nearly two hundred years ago. There are few at least where services are so frequent as they were there then, for the Indians repaired to church twice every day — hearing mass early in the morning, and chanting their prayers as the sun set in the west — while Sundays and saints' days were not sufficient for all the exhortations that the pastor thought necessary for his flock, and few week-days passed without some formal warning or counsel.

The history of the period is filled with horrid tales of war and butchery, and we cannot read it without a shudder as we think of the trials and



sufferings which our ancestors endured for nearly three quarters of a century. The year before Father Rale took up his position on the Kennebec at the place that we now call Norridgewock, "King William's War" opened, and it was not until the year 1763, that the "Old French and Indian War" was brought to a close. All through those years the Indians were looking out for opportunities to attack the Whites, and desolation followed their track as they wandered through the lovely New England valleys marking their route by the smoke of burning homes and the shrieks of wailing mothers and children. As Mrs. Sigourney says :

The red men came in their pride and wrath,
Deep vengeance fired their eye,
And the blood of the White was in their path,
And the flame of his roof rose high.

Father Rale, minister of religion that he was, relates with apparent approval the manner in which the Indians conducted their warfare. He says, "As soon as they have entered the enemy's country, they divide themselves into different parties,

one of thirty warriors, another of forty, etc. They say to each other, 'To you, we give this hamlet to devour,' 'To those others we give this village,' etc. Then, they arrange the signal for a simultaneous attack on different points. In this way," he continues, "our two hundred and fifty warriors spread themselves over more than twenty leagues of country, filled with villages, hamlets and mansions. On the day designated, they made their attack at the same time early in the morning, and in that single day, swept away all that the English possessed there, killed more than two hundred, and took five hundred prisoners, with the loss, on their part, of only a few warriors slightly wounded. They returned from this expedition to the village, having each one, two canoes loaded with the plunder they had taken."

If the English could have read the letter in which these words occur, they would have felt that the Father who seemed to be so solicitous for the spiritual improvement of the Indians was not a very good neighbor to have to the northward of their settlements. Though they never saw it, they had

other reasons for suspecting that the Frenchman instigated the Indians to some of their wars, and they at last declared him to be an enemy who had forfeited his life by encouraging the destruction of so many lives.

The world has learned much of mercy and humanity since those days and it is hard for us to believe that any one could be so cruel and hardhearted as to speak in praise of the acts of those who burned peaceful villages at midnight, murdered and scalped their inhabitants and carried off the women and children to a painful captivity; and yet we can read on the pages written by the French at that time commendations of these acts as brave and beautiful! The war that began in 1689 in Europe between England and France was communicated to the colonies, and in America it became a war between Protestants and Catholics, for the French were all of the same church to which Father Rale belonged. We have read how the whole of the West and Northwest was taken possession of by the French, and we know how the Jesuits went everywhere preaching and binding the Indians to their

nation. Thus it was that the struggle all through the Indian wars was an attempt on the part of both French and English for the mastery of the American continent as well as a war of religion.

The conflict began at Dover, New Hampshire, then called Cocheco, by an attack upon an old man named Waldron; against whom the Indians had good cause to be incensed because thirteen years before he had entrapped two hundred of them and sent them to Boston to be sold as slaves. From this we see that the treachery and cruelty were not all on one side. Would you like to hear of the treachery of Colonel Waldron? It was in the year of 1676, after King Philip's War, as it was called. The Indians of Maine and New Hampshire had been making depredations on the white settlements and Waldron was sent to arrest the guilty ones and make a treaty of peace with the others. He was well-known and had the confidence of the savages. The Indians came to him for protection, and he proposed a sham fight. When they had emptied their guns, he caused them to be surrounded and made prisoners. And it

was a very shameful thing for a civilized man to be guilty of.

After the colonists of New England had become well satisfied that Father Rale was one of the causes of the Indian raids upon them, they made a number of attempts to capture him. One of these occurred in 1721, but he was forewarned and escaped. His church and his dwelling were pillaged, and it was at this time that his dictionary was carried away with other papers which were kept by him in a "strong box." The box was preserved for a number of years in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society, at Boston. It was of curious and complicated construction, and contained in the lower part a secret drawer that was so well hidden that one could hardly open it without breaking the box, unless, indeed, he had learned the secret. On the inside of the cover were two rude engravings representing the scourging of Jesus and his crowning with thorns.


Rale thought that his escape at this time was little less than a miracle, for most of the Indians were away hunting and he had with him only the

old and feeble. Two hundred persons were in the attacking party. Their coming was discovered by two young Indians, who hastened to give warning. Rale hastened to plunge into the woods with the old men, the women and the children. The English arrived at nightfall, but went away and returned the next day, when they advanced almost to the place of retreat. Rale had only time to rush behind a tree, and though it was stripped bare of its leaves by the wintry winds, it sufficed to screen him, and the English, after coming almost up to it, gave up the search and went away. They returned to the little village and plundered his house and church, carrying off the treasures that I have mentioned. It was a time of great trial to the patriarch, for he was surrounded only by Indians or unfriendly whites. The former could do little for his comfort, and the whites did not care to encourage him in his life at Norridgewock. He nearly perished of famine before his friends in far-away Quebec could hear of his trouble ; but at last relief arrived, and he went on with his work of teaching the Indians and of encouraging them in their al-

legiance to the French and enmity to the English.

The Indians were thoroughly aroused against the English, and the next year the war song went from one tribe to another; a conference of the chiefs was held at Norridgewock, and in the merry month of June, a company of the dusky warriors fell upon a village of the whites and carried off nine families. The village of Brunswick, too, where Bowdoin College is now, was burned to ashes, and it was evident that the Eastern tribes were intent upon concerted violence. It was under these circumstances that the English determined that stern measures were needed, and a declaration of war was made July 25, 1722. A struggle of three years' duration ensued, known as Lovewell's War.

The Indians were sure that it was not safe for Rale to remain at Norridgewock, and often urged him to go to Quebec where he would be secure, but he always replied, "Nothing but death shall separate me from my flock." He was as determined as a martyr, and remained at his post, until he died there, as we shall see. It is not pleasant




for me to go over the stories of blood-shedding that fill the pages of the historians of the Indian wars, and I doubt not you will be glad to have me shorten this tale. Once a body of men entered the town in the midst of winter, and found that the place was deserted, though some papers were discovered that had been apparently overlooked. Captain Moulton, who commanded the troops, would not suffer any harm to be done to the church or other buildings.

The final struggle came on the twenty-third of August, 1724, when a party of eleven hundred marched against Norridgewock. There were fifty warriors in the village but they did not know that a force was coming until its arrival had been announced by the whistling of bullets. Then they rushed out to protect the aged and the women in trying to make their escape to the opposite side of the river. Father Rale, too, appeared, and the shower of musket shots put an end to his long life. His death threw the whole body of his followers into consternation and all fled in confusion over the river and into the deepest thickets of the woods.

There they rallied for a while, but the English did not long pursue. They returned to burn the village, after which they retreated, and the Indians entered to mourn over the smoking ruins and to shed tears over the body of their Patriarch, and over those of their own chiefs, Mogg Megone, Bomaseen, Carabasset and others. The Norridge-wock tribe was blotted out, and never again did it appear among the antagonists of the white men.

It is interesting to read in connection with this story the poem of Mr. Whittier, entitled *Mogg Megone*. In it we have a picture of the village as it appeared to some wandering Indians after the devastation of the war.

No wigwam smoke is curling there ;
The very earth is scorched and bare ;
And they pause and listen to catch a sound
Of breathing life, but there comes not one,
Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound ;
And here and there on the blackened ground,
White bones are glistening in the sun.
And where the house of prayer arose,
And the holy hymn at daylight's close,



And the aged priest stood up to bless
The children of the wilderness,
There is nought save ashes sodden and dank,
And the birchen boats of the Norridgewock,
Tethered to tree and stump and rock,
Rotting along the river bank.

Thus we have traced the story of the life and death of the Patriarch of Norridgewock, a man who was devoted to the cause that he had espoused and who died at the post of danger. His acts and his motives have been differently judged ; but there is no doubt that he was a strong partisan, that he had espoused the cause of the Indians and of the people of his own nation against the English, and that he entered into the struggle in which he was killed, well knowing that his life was at stake. Still, there is a pathetic interest in the story.

The spot on which Rale is supposed to have fallen was at first marked by a cross, but in 1833, a stone monument was raised to his memory, in the midst of a great concourse of people, with much ceremony, on the anniversary of the sad fight.

CHAPTER XI.

CITIZEN SOLDIERS TAKE A FORTRESS.

THREE men were in earnest conference in one of the fine old New England mansions, in the early spring of the year 1745. On the banks of the Piscataqua, just opposite Portsmouth, N. H., lies the town of Kittery in Maine. The region was at that time not known as Maine, but as the County of York, in Massachusetts, for it was not until 1820 that the State of Maine was created out of the vast territory to the northeast, that had long been under Massachusetts government. Let us look at these three men, and see if we can catch some of their conversation. First, I notice the Reverend George Whitefield, a young man of twenty-seven years, full of zeal and fire, who had just come to America for the third time, and was gaining adherents by his earnest preaching. The second was ten years older.

He was the Reverend Nicholas Gilman, pastor of the church in the neighboring town of Durham, in New Hampshire, where he was known as a devoted friend of the new-comer from England, and his own earnest and enthusiastic labors were so exhausting his strength that one might have seen signs that they were preparing him for the last struggle which was to close his devoted life in a few years. These two were the educated men of the group, for Mr. Gilman had graduated at Harvard College, in the class of 1724, with the celebrated Mather Byles, and Whitefield had studied at Oxford.

The third was the wealthy proprietor of the mansion, a man of fine presence, and great wisdom, who had reached the age of forty-eight. His portrait lies before me, and as I turn to it, I see a pleasant countenance from which piercing eyes look out. A well curled wig crowns the head and the elegance of dress betokens the comfortable share of the good things of this world with which he was endowed. It was the person who is now spoken of as Sir William Pepperell, though he was then known merely as a man of wealth, prominent in public affairs, who

had for fourteen years held the elevated office of Chief Justice of the Colony. It would lead one to suppose either that persons qualified for this high office were few at the time, or that Pepperell was appointed through partiality, for we read that he only began to study law at the time he received his appointment.

There sit the three men: the rich man of the world, who was a good church member; the "revivalist" lately arrived from England; and the New Hampshire pastor, who had a good salary paid by an attached people, in money, pork, beef, candles, molasses, malt, sugar, cider, rum, pasturing and wood, not to mention other articles that doubtless made his position very comfortable in the good old times.

The conversation is earnest, and we can gather enough to learn that it relates to some important enterprise in which Mr. Pepperell is invited to engage. We can hear Whitefield say that the scheme does not appear to him very promising; that the eyes of all would be upon its leader, and that if he should fail, he would receive the reproaches of the widows

and orphans of the slain; while, on the other hand, if he should succeed, he would be the object of envious jealousy. Two days, the first and second of March, a Friday and a Saturday seem to have been occupied by the conferences of the three men, and then they separate, Mr. Gilman going over the river to his peaceful parish, Mr. Whitefield returning to the good old town of Portsmouth, and the proprietor of the great house retiring to his couch to determine the weighty question that had been laid before him by the Governor of Massachusetts. Before they separate, such men at that time would naturally engage in prayer, and we see them kneel while the ardent English preacher, who had swayed thousands of hearers at a time by the witchery of his inspired eloquence, poured out his soul, and, as we cannot help thinking, tried to make an impression upon the man of war at his side. It was a remarkable prayer. We can only gather up a few scraps of it from a letter that was written the following day by Mr. Gilman, and addressed to Whitefield.

It was marked "Let this be a secret between

us;" but it has not been destroyed, and after so many years, it is open to all the world.*


In those tones that touched all hearers, Mr. Whitefield prayed for a blessing upon the expedition and its leader; thanked God that he had put it in his heart to take up the labor; congratulated society that so great a man had put away every spark of pride and self-righteousness to enter upon the work and was uninfluenced by secular motives. It was evident that Mr. Whitefield looked upon the expedition as a sort of crusade, as a movement that was to set forward the cause of religion, and he was not alone in the view, as we shall see. There was an old parson named Moody, who volunteered to go on the expedition, and a good deacon, John Gray of Biddeford, wrote to Pepperell —

O that I could be with you and dear Parson Moody in that church, to destroy the images there set up, and hear the true gospel of our Lord and Saviour there preached! My wife who is ill and confined to her bed, is yet so spirited in the affair on hearing of your taking the command, that she is very willing that all her sons should wait on you, though it

* See "The Gilman Family, traced in the line of Hon. John Gilman, of Exeter, N. H." Albany, 1869. Pages 61-64.

is outwardly greatly to our damage. One of them is already enlisted, and I know not but there will be more. She sends her duty to you, and says so long as she has life she shall importunately pray for you.

Deacon Gray's letter gives a hint of the nature of the enterprise in which Mr. Pepperell was asked to engage, especially to those who remember what we discovered when studying about the Patriarch of Norridgewock, and reflect that a war had just broken out between France and England which renewed the struggle between the Protestants and Catholics on our continent. It was the War of the Austrian Succession on the other side of the sea, and King George's War in America. It was in the early spring of 1744 that the declaration of war had been made, and by means of fast sailing vessels, the news had been received by the French in their strongest fortress, that at Louisburg on Cape Breton Island, some time before it had been known at Boston, or, indeed, at any other place occupied by the English. Taking advantage of this early information, the commander at Louisburg had sent out an expedition which had been successful



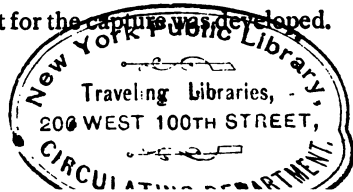
in capturing an English garrison at a place called Canso. This did not prove an advantage in the end for the French, for it alarmed the English in New England very much, and led them to take steps which proved the most efficient retaliation. At the same time it afforded them just the information that they needed to enable them to make a successful attack upon Louisburg. The men who were taken at Canso, were confined for a time at Louisburg, and then released and sent to Boston. There they gave an account of the fortifications and the men who guarded them. When a general has an enemy before him it is of the greatest importance for him to know how many men he will have to contend with, and what the nature of his fortification is. This was what the released prisoners from Canso were able to tell.

If you will look on the map, you will see that it must have been very important for the French to have a strong fortress at Louisburg, which was on a protected harbor on the outer shore of Nova Scotia. It served as a protection to the mouth of the St. Lawrence and it was a place from which ex-

peditions might very easily be sent out against the New England coast.

There was at the time a graduate of Harvard College living at Damariscotta, who was interested in the safety of New England vessels sailing towards Newfoundland, for he was engaged in the fishing business which is still carried on in that part of the ocean. William Vaughan was a daring and enterprising man, as would be expected of one who made his living in so hazardous an occupation. No danger could daunt him, and he was so sanguine that he looked for success in any enterprise that he engaged in. Taking advantage of his opportunities, he gleaned as much information as he could about the situation of the French at Louisburg, and then laid before the Governor of Massachusetts, William Shirley, a plan for its capture.

If we could be admitted in the imagination to an interview between these two Williams we should find them, I think, looking over descriptions of the French works at Louisburg with intense interest, each vying with the other in the enthusiasm that he showed as the project for the capture was developed.



They found that the town was situated on a tongue of land which jutted out to a branch of the sea that was so shallow and full of reefs that no ships of war could approach it. For thirty years the French had been engaged in building fortifications around the town, which was about two and a half miles in circumference. At this time, every point that an enemy could possibly approach was surrounded by a stone wall from thirty to thirty-six feet high, and a ditch eighty feet wide was outside of that, so that it seemed to the French that there could be no danger from attacks. Still, they had taken other precautions, and there was a battery on one of the islands in the harbor, as well as another directly opposite its entrance. In spite of the obstacles, the two men agreed that they would try to capture the stronghold. The Governor wrote to England that he needed ships and seamen because he feared that the French would attack Nova Scotia, assigning this reason because he was afraid to tell the ministry the plan that he and Mr. Vaughan had made against Louisburg lest he should be told not to think of it.

Early in January, 1745, Governor Shirley asked the legislature of Massachusetts to take an oath of secrecy respecting a proposition that he wished to lay before them. I imagine that the members were somewhat surprised at the request, but they thought, perhaps, that the Governor was about to communicate something important, and so they did as he asked. They listened to his suggestions, and put the matter into the hands of a committee to report upon. One member, at least, was interested in the grand plan, and one morning some one overheard him in his private prayer asking God to give his blessing to it. Then the secret was out, and every one was astonished at the boldness, not to say rashness, of the scheme. The committee reported against the Governor and it was believed that nothing more was to be heard of the plan. Those who thought so were much mistaken. They did not know the persistence of William Vaughan and William Shirley.


The Governor asked a number of merchants in Boston and Salem to sign a petition in favor of the expedition, and thus the matter was again

brought before the legislature, was again referred to a committee, and at last reported upon favorably and actually decided upon by a majority of one vote. What was the consequence of the vote of one man in this case? We shall see.

Let us look for a moment at the state of affairs in New England at the time. The harvest of the preceding year had been good and provisions were plenty. The winter was mild and the rivers and harbors were open, so that it looked as though a fleet might sail out towards the north. The Indians had not been troublesome and nothing was feared from them, so that the armed forces at the disposition of the colonies were not needed at home. The declaration of war had thrown a considerable number of fishermen out of employment and they were ready to offer themselves as volunteers in an enterprise that promised stirring adventure. As soon therefore, as it was decided that Louisburg was to be attacked, the movement became popular, and the people were even enthusiastic about it, seeming not to doubt for a moment that it would be a success.

The cordiality felt towards the enterprise was intensified as soon as it was determined to commit its direction to Mr. Pepperell, for he had the confidence of the people and was engaging in his manners as well as rich. Besides, he had acquired his wealth in the fisheries, was acquainted with the region to which the expedition was to be directed, and was peculiarly interested in its success. Still more was the popular interest excited when it became known that Whitefield had given his commendation to it, and had furnished as the motto under which the soldiers were to fight, the words *Nil desperandum Christo Duce* (with Christ as leader, nothing is to be despaired of), as though it were a crusade upon which they were to go.

Every circumstance seemed to conspire in favor of Governor Shirley's enterprise. Three thousand men enlisted in Massachusetts; three hundred in New Hampshire; and five hundred in Connecticut. Rhode Island sent three hundred who, however, arrived too late for service in the siege. In addition, New York contributed some artillery and Pennsylvania a quantity of provisions, in



spite of the fact that Benjamin Franklin ridiculed the undertaking, seeing, as he did, the absurdity, from a military point of view, of expecting success.

It has well been called a quixotic scheme. Governor Shirley gave Pepperell orders that seemed impossible to carry out. His hundred ships were to sail through icy seas that were often dangerous, towards a harbor that he had not explored. There they were to meet after dark, effect a landing in spite of the surf, march three miles in the gloom through bogs and woods, then commence pulling down pickets, and afterwards to scale the walls thirty feet high, and take the fortress!

When all preparations had been made with the utmost secrecy, so that no news should get to Louisburg (all vessels being forbidden to sail that way), towards the end of March, the Massachusetts troops sailed out of Boston harbor fortified by the thought that the prayers of the late Fast Day had been offered for their success, and that many of their churches would meet weekly to send up petitions for them as they went on their way.

So well had the secret been kept that it was the

twenty-ninth of April before the garrison at Louisburg suspected what was to happen, and then they were alarmed to find that an enemy was actually upon them. Pepperell began the siege immediately, and on the first of May sent the dauntless William Vaughan to see how matters stood about the town. He marched up to the fortress and his men gave three cheers as they passed onwards. They afterwards burnt some buildings and the smoke frightened the French in the royal battery, who fled to the town a mile distant. Vaughan, of course, took possession of the battery, nailed a soldier's red coat to a staff, and sent word to Pepperell that he was waiting for re-inforcements and a flag.

Thus the first success was gained by the English, and their hopes were strengthened. Day after day the operations went on in a desultory way, such as might have been expected would be adopted by men not familiar with the science of war. On the fourth of June a French soldier deserted and reported that if certain ships that were expected with men and ammunition should be taken, the fortress would be forced to surrender.

Little did he suspect that the ship had actually been captured on the eighteenth of the previous month. Ten days afterwards, the French commander sent out a flag of truce and asked on what terms Pepperell would accept his surrender. The doughty New Englander replied at half-past eight the same evening that the proposition had reached him at a happy juncture to prevent the effusion of Christian blood, as he and the commander of the fleet had just determined upon a general attack. The next day, instead of a bloody struggle, there was a peaceful surrender of the town and fortification and territories adjacent to the King of England, represented by the fishermen and deacons, the farmers and other well-to-do citizens of New England.

When Pepperell went inside of the fortress, he saw that the plan for surprising it, made by Governor Shirley, would have been futile. All were surprised at their success and sat down to a banquet provided for the officers by Pepperell with thankful hearts and good appetites. The grace was to be asked by old Parson Moody, who was

uncle to Mrs. Pepperell. He was accustomed to be prosy on such occasions, and the officers were hungry enough to think that a brief grace would be better, but none was bold enough to ask Parson Moody to make a petition to him, owing to his reputation for irritability. Judge of their astonishment when they heard the old man perform his function in the following sensible words: "Good Lord, we have so many things to thank thee for that time will be infinitely too short to do it; we must therefore leave it for the work of eternity. Bless our food and fellowship on this joyful occasion, for the sake of Christ, our Lord. Amen." The feasting and drinking that followed would not be considered temperate in our times, for in those days everybody thought that no feast, even an ordination dinner, was complete unless there was a good quantity of rum to accompany it, and we cannot believe that the officers at Louisburg would drink less than a company of grave clergymen.

At one o'clock in the morning of the third of July the news arrived in Boston and before sunrise the bells were ringing and the cannon boom-

ing, while the streets were filled with citizens shouting their joyful acclamations of victory. In the evening there was an illumination, and a clergyman wrote to Pepperell that it was the finest he had ever seen in his life; that there "was not a house in town, in no by-lane or alley, but joy might be seen through its windows. The night also was made joyful by bonfires, fireworks and all other external tokens of rejoicing." The following Thursday was set apart as a day of thanksgiving throughout the province. In New York and Philadelphia there were bell-rings, salutes, and illuminations. The joy was also great in England. The messenger who brought the news was given a present of \$2500, and the cannon in the Tower of London and elsewhere were fired. All over England there were rejoicings similar to those that had been witnessed in America. As a reward for his share in the success, Mr. Pepperell was made a Baronet of Great Britain. It was the first time that the honor had been conferred upon a native of our country.

The weather had been fine during the siege, but afterwards it turned rainy and in the storms that

followed the large fleet that were sent from France to retake the fortress were wrecked. Louisburg remained in the hands of the English through the war. The influence of this success was lasting, and when the Revolution broke out thirty years afterwards, there were found men who had gained experience at Louisburg who were ready to bring it to bear for the preservation of their liberties.

CHAPTER XII.

ACADIE AND EVANGELINE.


WE began our tales of the Pathfinders with a romance, we shall end them now with a tragedy. We are all familiar with the touching poem of our great poet, Longfellow, entitled *Evangeline*. I suppose that we have read it many times, and have dropped tears as the trials of the heroine and her lover were brought so strikingly before our eyes. We have walked with them through the forest primeval, and with them have tried to pierce the mazes of the oozy bayous of Louisiana. We have probably execrated the British officer who forced the unoffending people of Nova Scotia from their homes and carried them over seas to a hopeless exile. The poetry of the story is sufficiently familiar to our minds. Now we are to study the matter-of-fact history,

which we shall find a little different, though not less sad.

Our studies have already told us that for a long time there was a struggle between the French and the English for the continent of America, and that the French had in solemn form taken possession of the greater portion of the territory, leaving their opponents but a strip along the sea coast. In the year 1710, the English had made themselves masters of the region known as Nova Scotia, or Acadie, which had been settled by the French years before the first settlement was made in New England. France never obtained possession of this region again, and thus in 1755, the year of which I have to write now, the people had been for more than forty years under British rule. They had been mildly governed, and had been asked many times to take the usual oath of allegiance to Great Britain. This they constantly refused to do. They naturally wished to appear to remain neutral in the struggle that was going on between the two great nations across the ocean. Their children grew up under the rule of England, but speaking the French

language and following French customs. They professed the religion that the French professed, too. This was not all. They sympathized with their own countrymen, of course, and did not always carefully practice the neutrality that they professed, for they traded with the enemies of the government that protected them, and they even went so far at one time as to take up arms against the Crown.

Often the question arose in New England, "What shall be done to make the Acadians take the oath of allegiance and act as the British subjects that they are by treaty?" The priests said to them, "Better surrender your meadows to the sea, and your houses to the flames, than at the peril of your souls, take the oath of allegiance to the British government." This was the advice that kept them in antagonism to the British, as well it might, but it is said that the officers were sometimes so arrogant that they incensed the people and made them still more opposed to taking the oath. Of course the Americans and English looked upon all the Acadians as "rebels," and we know that lit-



the mercy is accorded by military forces to such. There was good ground for this feeling, too, for by the terms of surrender, in 1710, the people ought to have taken "the oath of allegiance and fidelity to her sacred Majesty of Great Britain." Soon after the treaty of Utrecht (which was signed in 1714, four years after the acquisition of Acadie by the English), there was some correspondence regarding removing the people from Nova Scotia because they still refused to take the oath, but the step was not taken, and time and again was the effort made to bring them to see that they were in the wrong.

England seems sometimes to have paid little attention to her colony at Nova Scotia and the French were made bold by the want of action. Six years after the treaty of Utrecht, the Governor wrote home: "The inhabitants seem determined not to swear allegiance, at the same time I observe them going on with their tillage and buildings as if they had no thoughts of leaving their habitations; it is likely they flatter themselves that the King's affaires here will allways continue in the same feeble state. I am certain nothing but demonstration will convince

them to the contrary." (It will be noticed that Governors in those days did not always spell their words as we do now.) The Governor went on to say that he was sorry to have to recommend a course that seemed to be expensive, but that he thought it would be more to the honor of the Crown to give the country back to the French than to be contented with the name only of government. A few months later, he wrote that the French inhabitants had been suffered so long to indulge in disobedience that it had become a habit and that they had "not only multiplied and become numerous, but withall insolent."

Seven years later still, another Governor wrote that the missionary priests "instil an inculcated hatred into both Indians and French inhabitants against the English."

When George the Second came to the throne, it was necessary that the oath of allegiance should be taken to him, but this the French still refused to do. In 1730, the Board of Trade wrote to the Governor that those who refused the oath ought to esteem it a mark of the King's clemency that they

had not long before been obliged to quit their settlements in accordance with the terms of the treaty of Utrecht.

Thus matters went on. Governors came and went, but the settlers remained ever stubborn. In 1749, Governor Cornwallis remonstrated with them, saying that being undoubtedly subjects of Great Britain, they ought to have taken the oath of allegiance the moment they had become such; that they had for more than thirty-four years refused to do it, though all the while they had been in the full enjoyment of their possessions and their religion; that he would be delighted to be able to tell the King that they were acting as good subjects; and that he would make such a course much to their advantage. Still the Acadians refused the oath. The Old French and Indian War, as it was called, was approaching, when matters were to reach the climax.

The war that was to end in 1763, at which date the Seven Years' War closed in Europe, in the resignation by the French of all claims to territory, began on our continent in 1754. It was a nota-

ble struggle, and it fitly closes our series of views of the Pathfinders and their labors.

There are always two sides to a question, and there are two to this one. You may read in Mr. Bancroft's great history (in chapter seven), that during the forty years that followed the peace of Utrecht, the Acadians had been forgotten or neglected by England and had prospered in peace and seclusion ; that they had no magistrates or tax-gatherers, and settled all their little disputes by reference to their religious teachers. They formed one great and happy family, living on the produce of their fields and herds in the most Arcadian simplicity. This charming picture was derived by the historian from a book written by a Frenchman who was opposed to the English and wished to make it out that they were unjust oppressors of a peaceful people. It was the Abbé Raynal who first said that the Acadians had no magistrates nor tax-gatherers, and lived happily in peace and plenty. He said, too, that their houses "were extremely convenient, and furnished as neatly as a substantial farmer's house in Europe." Mr. Longfellow,

like Mr. Bancroft, followed this French description, and wrote in his poem :

Strongly built were their houses with frames of oak and of
chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the days of the
Henries:
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows; and gables
projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the door
way.

The Abbé was too desirous of making out a good story, I fear, and forgot that two of his own countrymen had described the houses as "wretched wooden boxes, without convenience and without ornament, and scarcely containing the necessary furniture."

I dislike to spoil the beautiful pictures of the historian and the poet, but it must be said further that the Acadian farmers were not "the simple people dwelling in love" that they have been represented to be; but on the contrary "a very litigious sort of people," as the archives of Nova Scotia say that they were. Just before the time I

every means taken to prevent them from getting a hold upon the soil again. In accordance with these instructions, he issued a proclamation calling all the men to come together on the fifth of September. When those about Grand Pré had been thus brought together, they were induced to enter the church, where they were kept as prisoners, Winslow speaking to them and telling them that all their possessions were forfeited to the King on account of their stubbornness, and that they were to be removed. He said that the path of duty on which he then was was very disagreeable to his "natural make and temper," but that as a soldier he had nothing to do but obey orders. He added that the King would permit them to carry with them their money and household goods and that he would see that they were not molested in doing it. In conclusion, he said that he hoped that in whatever portion of the King's dominions their lot was cast, they would be faithful subjects.

As when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers the storm and the deadly sling of the hail-
stones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his
windows,
Hiding the sun and strewing the ground with thatch from the
houseroofs,
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the
speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then
arose.
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-
way.
Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce impreca-
tions
Rang through the house of prayer.

But little time was to be allowed for preparation
for leaving the homes where most of the poor peo-
ple had been born, where they had all hoped to
live out their days. As the poet says :

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now on the fifth
day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-
house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful proces-
sion,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian
women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-
shore,

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THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of a people who have grown from a small group of immigrants to a great nation. The story begins with the first settlers who came to the shores of North America in search of a better life. They found a land of opportunity and freedom, and they built a nation that has become a model for the world. The story is one of struggle and triumph, of hardship and hope. It is a story that has inspired millions of people around the world.

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun and strewing the ground with thatch from the houseroofs,

So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then arose.

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer.

But little time was to be allowed for preparation for leaving the homes where most of the poor people had been born, who had all hoped to live out their days. As they said:

How times the sun had

day

called the co

some

the yellow

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwell-
ings,

Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the
woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of
playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried, and there on
the sea-beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats
ply;

All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his set-
ting,

Echoed far over the fields came the roll of drums from the
churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden
the church doors

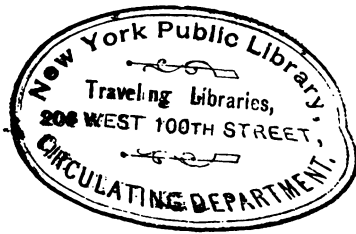
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy
procession

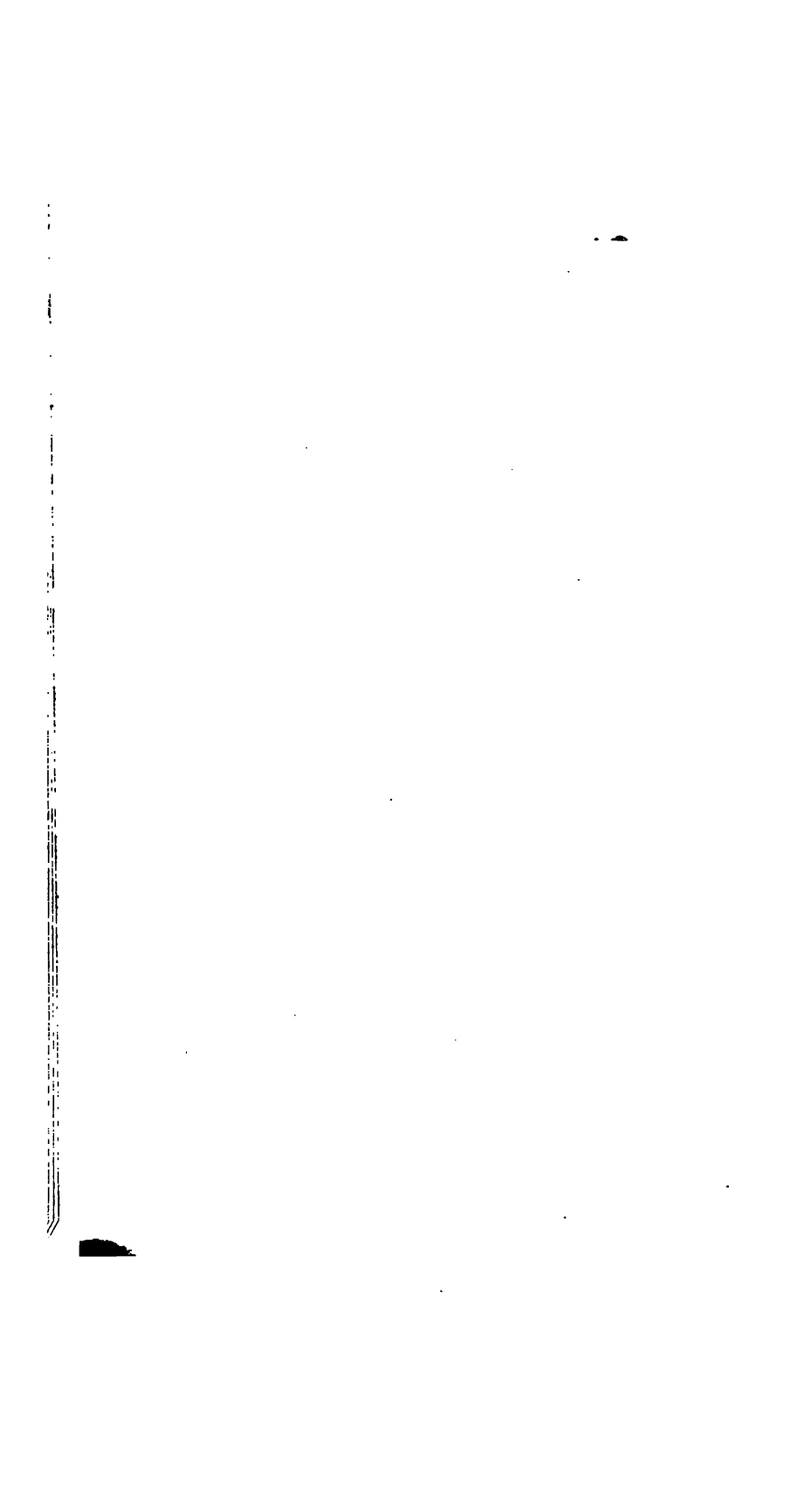
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.

Our story must end here. We shall not follow
the poor prisoners on their painful voyages. We
do not care to enter upon the terrible details of
privation and suffering that fell to their share as
they found themselves cast out upon foreign shores

— families broken up, maid and lover separated, perhaps forever, perhaps to be brought together as the poet tells us, just as life was ebbing away, only to die together. It is a sad, sad tale. It was a cruel deed that the government did when it decreed that these people should be scattered on strange strands instead of being carried as they might have been, to sunny France where at least they should have been able to speak the language of those around them. War has many terrible tragedies to answer for, but this one stands by itself in history.

By kingly rule, an exile's lot they bore,
The poet's song reclaims their scattered fold;
Blown in melodious notes to every shore,
The story of their mournful tale is told.
And to their annals linked while time shall last,
Two lovers from a shadowy realm are seen,
A fair, immortal picture of the past,
The forms of Gabriel and Evangeline.





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am writing of they were said to be "tolerably quiet as to government matters, but exceedingly litigious among themselves."

Such was the condition of affairs in Nova Scotia in the year 1755, when the American colonists and the British government thought that they could no longer permit the French and Indians to threaten and molest them with impunity. They had planned four expeditions to attack them. General Braddock was to go towards the Ohio and the Northwest; another officer was to attack Crown Point; a third was to try to reduce Fort Niagara; and the last expedition, under John Winslow, of Marshfield, Mass., was to remove the French from Nova Scotia. It was war into which the colonists plunged; war for peace and the protection of their homes. Braddock was killed, you remember, and young George Washington, his aid, came into prominence at the time. The expeditions against Fort Niagara and Crown Point did not succeed, and we have only to ask what Winslow did at Nova Scotia.

He was told by his superiors that owing to the continued contumacy of the French, it had been

determined to remove the entire population, and that he must accomplish the work promptly and with such secrecy as would prevent their escape to parts from which it would be difficult to recover them. War is a disagreeable thing and must always involve many innocent persons in pain and sorrow. This one was no exception to the rule. There were many among the Acadians who were innocent of ill-feelings towards England, but they were all involved in the sorrow that was now to come upon them. They had followed the bad advice of their priests, and were to suffer for it just as much as if they had hated Great Britain and all things English.

Colonel Winslow had been provided with sloops, schooners and ships in which to take the rebels and their families to North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and to some ports in Connecticut. He was instructed to manage to get the people together in some way — fair or foul — and when they once were in his power, to put them on the vessels and send them away. Their homes and crops were to be destroyed, and

every means taken to prevent them from getting a hold upon the soil again. In accordance with these instructions, he issued a proclamation calling all the men to come together on the fifth of September. When those about Grand Pré had been thus brought together, they were induced to enter the church, where they were kept as prisoners, Winslow speaking to them and telling them that all their possessions were forfeited to the King on account of their stubbornness, and that they were to be removed. He said that the path of duty on which he then was was very disagreeable to his "natural make and temper," but that as a soldier he had nothing to do but obey orders. He added that the King would permit them to carry with them their money and household goods and that he would see that they were not molested in doing it. In conclusion, he said that he hoped that in whatever portion of the King's dominions their lot was cast, they would be faithful subjects.

As when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers the storm and the deadly sling of the hail-
stones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his
windows,
Hiding the sun and strewing the ground with thatch from the
houseroots,
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the
speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then
arose.
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-
way.
Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce impreca-
tions
Rang through the house of prayer.

But little time was to be allowed for preparation
for leaving the homes where most of the poor peo-
ple had been born, where they had all hoped to
live out their days. As the poet says :

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now on the fifth
day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-
house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful proces-
sion,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian
women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-
shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,

Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried, and there on the sea-beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;

All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,

Echoed far over the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church doors

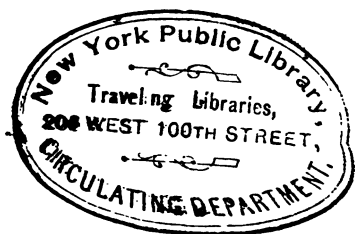
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.

Our story must end here. We shall not follow the poor prisoners on their painful voyages. We do not care to enter upon the terrible details of privation and suffering that fell to their share as they found themselves cast out upon foreign shores

— families broken up, maid and lover separated, perhaps forever, perhaps to be brought together as the poet tells us, just as life was ebbing away, only to die together. It is a sad, sad tale. It was a cruel deed that the government did when it decreed that these people should be scattered on strange strands instead of being carried as they might have been, to sunny France where at least they should have been able to speak the language of those around them. War has many terrible tragedies to answer for, but this one stands by itself in history.

By kingly rule, an exile's lot they bore,
The poet's song reclaims their scattered fold;
Blown in melodious notes to every shore,
The story of their mournful tale is told.
And to their annals linked while time shall last,
Two lovers from a shadowy realm are seen,
A fair, immortal picture of the past,
The forms of Gabriel and Evangeline.





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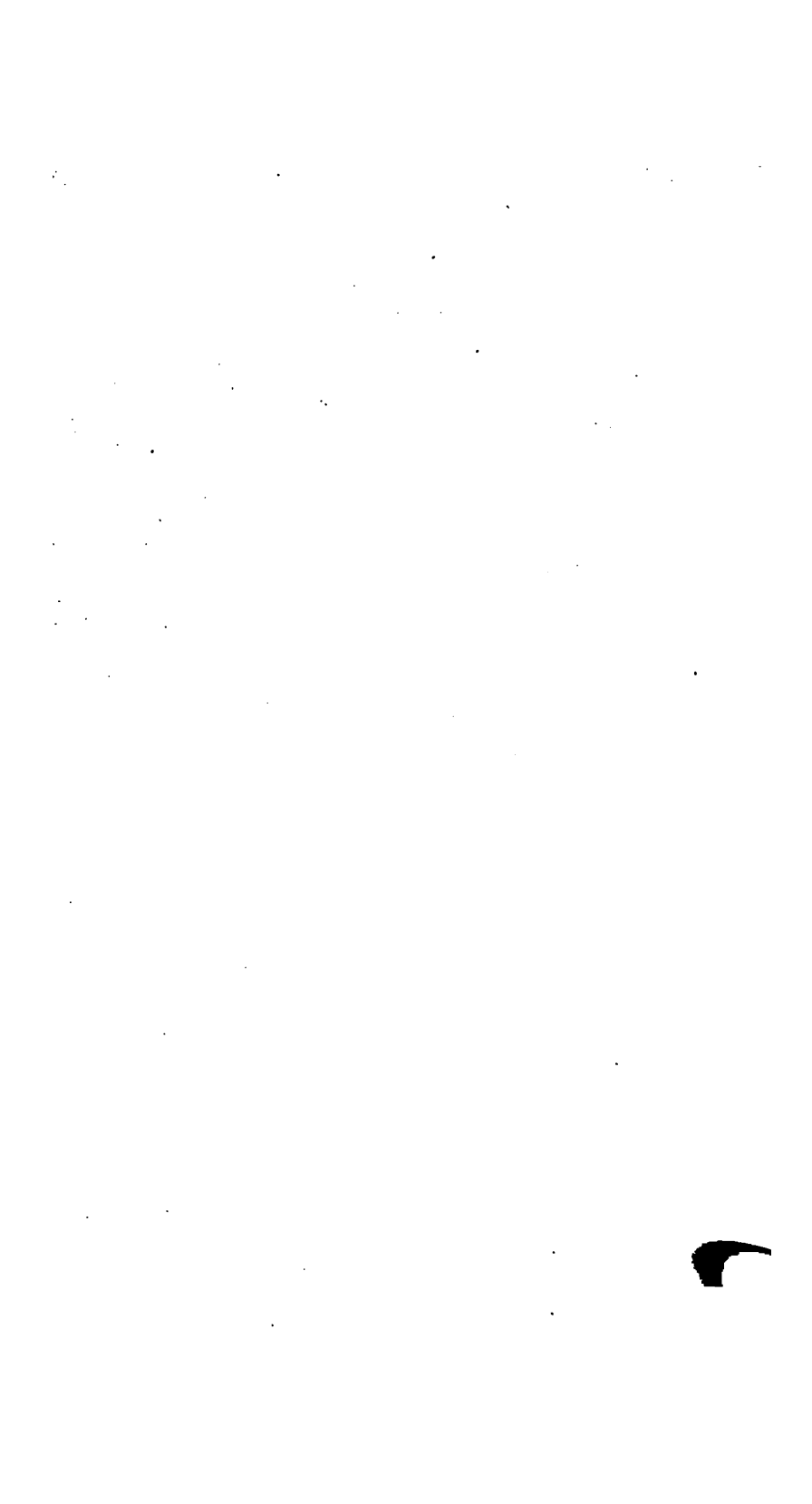
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